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The Wrath of God

-:- Or, -:-

A New Adam and Eve

By Mason Ray

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CHAPTER I.

THE strange phenomenon which snuffed out the lives of all breathing creatures of earth—excepting the few I shall name—occurred while my beloved wife and I were on our wedding trip.

Every incident of that frightful experience is seared on my brain as if branded by fire. It haunts my days and condemns me to terror-filled dreams by night. Therefore, hoping that full and free expression may relieve my mind, I am about to transcribe a plain, circumstantial account of an earth unpeopled and plunged into silence.

Never was unspeakable desolation preceded by greater happiness than my dear girl and I enjoyed after a harshly obstructed courtship. Martin Wakefield, Puritan at heart, bitterly opposed our marriage because of his daughter's tender years and my poverty. She was but 16 when destiny led me to her door. By the generosity of Uncle Richard I was taking a course in medicine at Michigan University. One morning, disgusted by scenes in the dissecting-room, I set out on my wheel for a spin thru green fields and woods. Far out in the country I stopped at a quaint old farmhouse and asked for a glass of milk. It was given to me by Eva Wakefield, and her amazing beauty dazzled me like a burst of sunlight.

Her thick braided hair was shimmering gold; and such eyes! Calm and deep like summer pools that reflect blue sky. Her vivid lips were Cupid's bow, and her cheeks wild roses on warm ivory. She was sweetly dignified, adorably serious. I became—and am yet—desperately in love with her. Before long the young medico discovered my secret, and called us the new Adam and Eve, since the former

was no name, and the two appealed to their assorted sense of humor. For a time these differently specialized about the location of my Eden, until I applied football tactics in emphasis of my displeasure.

After that I had nothing to trouble me but Eve's stern father. His was the rule of the iron rod, and neither his two sons nor his idolized daughter easily overcame his denial. So the winning of Eve appeared difficult, even Uncle Richard, my only relative, was not lightly convinced that the girl glowingly described in my letters was a suitable wife for a debt-incumbered physician. Later, when dear Mrs. Wakefield overcame her husband's objections for Eve's sake, my uncle relented and sent us travelers' checks to be used for our other purposes than a honeymoon. So in the genial springtime Eva Wakefield became Mrs. Adam Ward, and we immediately started southward to the land of blue grass and blossoming flowers.

After three days of dusty, smoke-grimed coaches, three days of heat that steamed the earth until people marveled at its intensity, we reached a place to rest. We were well across the Kentucky border, and a genial Kentuckian, when questioned, directed us to cleaner and more desirable lodgings than we would find at the village hotel. He explained that rooms could be engaged with a man named Hock Wiley, who sometimes acted as guide in the Mammoth Cave, and whose home formed between trips to the wonderful underworld. Added to these industries he likewise kept it-seem as if I had succeeded. It seemed, however, that Hock's favorite occupation was the first named.

"He ain't a plow-jerker," stated his gaunt neighbor. "Allus been a-prowlin' in that anteroom in the cave, and I'll be a-tell his dog knows it like his backyard. If you-uns want shows about and home cooking, hop to it. Hock lives a mile east, can't be headed that way."

We needed no urging. I helped Eve to the wagon seat, then climbed over the wheels to sit on a newly purchased plow at the rear while sad-eyed mules dragged us over the rough road to a dingy house, half hidden by shrubbery, where dogs yelped, and a stoop-shouldered man unhooked the gate and surveyed us with languid interest.

"Here's honeymooners to see the cave, Hock," announced our driver. "Help 'em out."

Honeymooners! We might as well have worn signs. Hock's eyes lit up, and he dropped rice at every step. Everybody guessed the truth. People everywhere had looked at me and guessed it. Every one had gazed at my gloriously beautiful wife until I longed to hide her from the public eye. Now Hock would think.

"You're right welcome," said Hock Wiley. "Come in."

He conducted us to a front living-room and presented us to his wife, whose broad countenance was dewed with perspiration.

"It's hotter 'en Tophet," wheezed Mrs. Wiley. "Youse must be tuckered out. Just come in here and rest a bit. You'll feel new."

She conducted us to a lower front bedroom, and insisted my young wife to remove her hat in the manner of a mother hovering over a beloved child. She even touched Eve's bare arms about the astonished lady and kissed her.

"You darling!" cried Mrs. Hock. "You pretty mother-to-be!"

By a screened window of the dining-room we ate chicken and corn pone and peach preserves. And as Mrs. Wiley came and went in serving the meal, heat beaded her large face in drops, and all the moisture in her body was being slowly expelled.

"Can you beat it?" she exclaimed, as she placed a pitcher of water on our table. "The heat's rising as the sun sinks."

"Weather and mules is close related," observed Hock from his place at the Wiley's table. "Both o' them does the unexpected."

During the night we suffered intensely from a temperature that fairly clogged our lungs and sapped our strength. Wiley himself was amazed as the mercury climbed in the bulb, and advanced no early start to the cool interior of the great cave.

"Hit's the only fitten place this scorcher," said he, when we had retired on the side porch at midnight. "Before sun-up we'll hike and tote our meals to where we c'n have the luxury o' breathin'."

Hock's mule team waited at the gate while the east whitened, but Mrs. Wiley refused us accompany her. She stood Eve good-by from the porch, and something induced my wife to run back and embrace her with all the fondness she had taken leave of her good mother. Hock's favorite sheep dog, Jean, ambled after us, and the team lurched heavily as if nigh prostrated by days of sweltering.

"Look at that sky," cried Hock, with pointing whip. "It's yaller as Hank Green's houn' dog. Fair breaking out in jaundice."

He spoke the truth. Overhead, from horizon to horizon, the sky had become a glistening bowl of brass, while the air seemed strangely sulphurous in hue as the sun burned its way upward. Foliage drooped and cattle drowsed in the fields as if too inert to get up and graze. Our lungs strained for sufficient air, we fairly gasped. We exclaimed our joy when Hock announced that we neared the entrance to the great cavern. It was an opening known to few besides our guide, and he used it because of its nearness to his home. Past a grove of timber and, apparently, into the face of a hill, he drove the lagging mules. Then he tied them in front of feed boxes he had evidently used many times, and, having conveyed them pails of water from a bubbling spring, but as we went and came the earth seemed to have forgotten the fact. Eve, too, felt the ground tremble and cried out.

"That's earthquake," said I, voicing the vain hope in our minds. "Do you think it safe to go farther?" I asked the old guide.

"Boy and man," said he, "I've tramped that hole for fifty year, and nothing happened. Nothing could happen. The walls and roof is solid limestone."

The promised coolness of the interior urged us on. So, provided with lanterns and each carrying an individual lunch, we walked in Indian file with our guide and his dog in advance. Presently we were in the twilight, where delicious cool air refreshed us like old wine. The cave darkened, deepened, chilled us to the bone. Then we entered thru passages or walked in vaulted halls that were fresco-ed with glittering stalactites and unevenly floored by corresponding stalagmites.

"It's God's cathedral," pronounced Eve.

She was oppressed by the terrible beauty of that drear underworld, and I waited with dread for other indications of a sensitive nature. Had I done wrong in bringing my adorable girl into what might prove a trap?

"Echo River," two miles east of us, Hock paused to tell us. He spoke of the cave's Stygian stream which flowed in darkness, and as he dilated on its wonders we felt the ground again vibrate beneath us, while loosened particles showered from the vaulted roof.

"Why, it's earthquake, as I'm a sinner," admitted Hock. "If this hits the first I ever knew it felt. But it can't do no harm in here," he insisted. "Anyway, we best hustle on, for there's a place we gotta cross to our dining-room."

"Perhaps we'd better go back," I said to Eve. "What do you think?"

Above everything my young wife was—and is—the "Thou-leadest-me" sort of a believer. It is akin to fatalism.

"We'll go on," she replied, and that brief sentence decided the history of a new world. Afterward she confided to me, that as she uttered it she heard her speech. She believed herself influenced by the Power which governed the incredible and by which I was related.

Rapidly we walked to where the black roof shelved downward and our guide pointed to a low opening nearly large enough to permit the now vanished dog to scamper thru without lowering her handsome head.

"This leads into a big vault, and there's another passage beyond that," said Wiley. "Wait while I go thru and set my lantern at that end. It'll show the way while you help your wife."

In the darkness that subterranean place he proceeded to execute this plan, but, as he crawled into that tunnel-like hole, and a pin-point, the ground rocked, heaved, seemed to rise and drop like the deck of a ship in storm.

"What's that?" he shouted. But earth was cascading about our heads, and the passage before us became a solid wall.

"This way, overhead," I called to Eve, in tones dull and hollow as if we occupied a tomb.

While the lanterns we rushed to the opposite passage which we had just traversed. It, too, was closed. We were prisoners in the bowels of earth!

CHAPTER II.

WHEN I discovered that my bride and I were entrapped into a new room of the Kentucky Cave, I cursed my indecision in not sooner retreating to the open. I might have known at first sight of that wave that the earth would collapse in places. It had filled in cuts not supported by stone. I wondered how long the air supply in the huge cavern we occupied would sustain life. Eve comprehended the danger, and eagerly explored the great room, and why I was relieved to find ramifications and adjoining chambers at right angles.

"If our guide reached the next vault he'll go for help," she declared.

"Unless other passages filled between him and Echo River." I was forced to remind her.

"Just now we'll lunch," said my wife. "We're hungry, and hunger lowers one's courage. After eating we'll plan what to do."

My brave girl had taken command. Despite the horror of our situation, and altho the only being who could help us might have perished, she forced me to eat. By a huge stalagmite we partook of Mrs. Wiley's bountiful providing, which included flasks of lemonade. But I noted that Eve drank sparingly altho the cave was like an oven. We were miles from the opening, and I knew an immense distance separated the stalactite-covered ceiling from the outer world above, yet we suffered quite as much as we had the day before beneath the dome.

"The rise in temperature is from lack of draft," I told Eve. "It's like an unventilated basement. We must get out. I wonder how far I'll need to dig and what I'll use for a tool."

"That opening is little more than the width of our church vestibule," said Eve. "It reminded me of a chapel, and I noticed."

Her voice was steady. Not a shadow of fear darkened the clear, calm eyes. Refreshed by the food and strengthened by her estimate of the imprisoning wall, I wrenched a tin reflector from one lantern, the one we had extinguished to save oil, and attacked the mass of newly fallen earth. When I encountered rocks evenly floored by the handsome tile that passed to Eve, who placed them in a growing cairn, a cairn that might, after all, prove our escape.

It is needless to relate in detail the agony of that day and night of supreme torture. Only the trained and splendid energy of a college athlete, the new tunnel lengthened until Eve feared the roof might break down on me. Then she and I, in turn, feared she might be abandoned to lone widowhood in that pit of darkness. Alternately we scraped the rough rock and loam with the lantern shields and our tin lunch boxes, while streaming perspiration blackened my face, and my throat ached with unspeakable thirst. It was then I knew how precious a drop of liquid had been saved. Mouthful by mouthful it afforded me relief until a significant, empty space crept to me at the far end of my task. Eve, who had shared my work, in spite of objection, also heard it, and hysterical joy burst from us. We dared not speak aloud. It seemed as if the sound of a voice would bring down the ceiling. But in the moment the last foot of earth gave way, I stepped thru and drew my beloved after me.

We were in another vault, and walls had given way. We were trembling with weariness and hunger, but hurried on to where the lanterns and our food

back of the grimed windows. I fled from the sight and entered the dispatcher's office. He was huge and dark, but I thrust aside his inert body and scanned the book of signals. With some knowledge of the Morse picked up in a local office at home, I tried the calls of every city near and far. Not a click answered. The instrument might as well have been a graphophone.

"Good God, all the world is dead!" I cried aloud. Then, overcome by accumulating horror and lack of rest, I fainted.

CHAPTER III.

FORTUNATELY my swoon in the telegraph office was of short duration, and with consciousness came a much clearer conception of what I had to do. At the city garage I selected a new machine of familiar make and prepared it for a long drive. In the kit box I stored everything I might possibly need, including goggles for both myself and Eve. The latter I coated with acid, obtained in a drug store, to make them opaque. Eve must, unblindfolded, endure the horrendous morgue while the touring car carried us to God's country—the land of the living—and safety. Then I could certainly bore me rapidly to the Wiley home, where my wife, adorably flushed from exercise, would stand at the costly conveyance with wonder.

"Why, Adam-boy," she called to me, "what's the meaning of this?"

My story was ready. I told her of a traveler who wished the car transferred to Michigan. He trusted me to drive his auto home instead of freighting it by train. It was a poor bit of fiction, but mattered. And it served the purpose.

My dear one was delighted. While I eagerly swallowed the food and hot coffee she had prepared, we jammed lunches to be eaten on the wayside.

"It will be less expensive than hotel meals," reminded me. "And bacon fried over an open fire is delicious—if we can afford it," she amended.

I glanced at my bride's cheap serge traveling dress, recalled the humiliating emptiness of my wallet, which contained little more than our railroad tickets, and a new thought came. In time criminals would loot the helpless region. Without question I might fill my empty pockets at the nearest bank, but my sense of right and wrong forbade. Instead, I plundered one of my dead and hoarded on the Wiley table for a host who would never collect, lest Eve guess something of the truth. Let her bless me for one pilfered a loving little note of sympathy and leavetaking.

"Hasten, sweetheart," I urged. "Every minute of daylight is precious." When she was finally at my side in the front seat of the traveler's machine I tried the prepared goggles over her clear, blue eyes.

"But I can't see, Adam-boy," she objected. "I can't see!"

I told her what I believed to be a fact—that the air was saturated with an offensive mineral odor bore out my statement. I insisted upon covering her eyes, and my disappointed girl silently complied. Soon we were darting along the wide road at second speed. The car, although the same make as Uncle Richard's, had twice its power. I seemed to feel the superb force of the engine as the gears increased. My golden hair loosened from its neat coils and beat across her face in flying wisps. Occasionally I was forced to slow down while I passed grim obstacles in our path and thanked the acid-dimmed goggles for aiding me in a merciful deception.

"How soon may I see?" demanded Eve, after an hour of flight-made breeze and fluttering garments. "I'm sick of the motor's roar and flying bumps. I want to watch the road and look at the scenery."

"We'll remove our glasses at noon," I promised. Then I talked of the germladen dangers. I begged her, by entreaty, I cut out the muffler and raced along some miles of decent pike. But, as I feared, death was everywhere. Not a fowl in barnyards, cattle in fields, or wayfared on the roadside lived. The dead confronted me in unending files, and not a mile was certain to be clear of fallen horses or mules hitched to motionless wagons where a lolling driver held useless reins.

Because the hour of fatality had been almost the same for all, and the panic instant, but enough mortality was in sight to terrify Eve when she could no longer be induced to keep the protecting glasses. What was I to do? My wearied brain groped for a solution of the flitting-ghosts. Eve must not be drugged. I wanted her society more than a human being ever craved a companion, yet determined for safety's sake to deaden her mind. The extraordinary decision gave me mental relief, and the effect of it sounded in my voice to Eve's delight.

At a bakery on the main street of a village I secured a large supply of tempting cake goods, with nearby grocery yielded meats, cheese and other staples. Twenty minutes later we rounded the shore of a lake that was indicated on the road map.

"Now, sweetheart, enjoy the scenery all you please," I told my bride, as I untied the obnoxious goggles. "I'm going to build a fire and boil coffee."

"I'll help," cried Eve. "But, oh, Adam-boy, what an extravagant lot of supplies!"

"They'll keep," I argued. "We'll have them when we want them and not be obliged to stop."

I set about gathering dry branches on the rice-covered shore of the low-banked lake. And as I waded among the thick growth I stepped on a dead wild duck just as Eve made a similar discovery.

"Look here," she called. "I've found a poor, dead duckling! And, dearie, have you noticed we haven't heard a single bird song all the way?"

"How could we with the motor booming?" I countered.

She was answered. We chatted of other things, while my fire burned and the coffee percolated to a nicety in the pot I obtained with my groceries. Then, seated on rugs from the car, we ate heartily. Such a drive induces appetite even amid such scenes as I was forced to view. Besides, I planned to increase my strength and stiffen my nerves for Eve's sake. I must not fail her in this crisis.

We enjoyed the sight of sunshine on reviving foliage and the calm beauty of the marshy lake. The day was like midsummer, and Mary nest builders should have been flitting thru the treetops. I knew the North woods and orchards now

She was dead!

protected thousands of egg-filled nests. Heartily I wished we were further on our way to that blessed refuge. Fainthearedly I tried to instill a sleeping draught in my darling's cup as I refilled it at the fire, but only a drop or two fell into the steaming drink.

All that afternoon I followed routes printed on the map, while Eve, influenced by the trifle of bromide, slept against my shoulder with the glasses abandoned in favor of a bit of veil that was lowered to her exquisite lips. Night was a problem. This time no story of a scourge-sick host and hostess would deceive. So I determined to make far from any habitation and camp beneath the canopy of the car. To this end I lowered Eve's golden head to a pillow, while I levied on a dry goods store for blankets. In a bit of forest I roused my wife with slight difficulty and we prepared supper.

"This is the strangest ride," Eve said sleepily. "I've been so stupid, I've tried and tried to wake, but something seemed to hold me in a vise. I'm sorry to be such a useless partner, Adam-boy."

My poor dying girl undid a knife in me! I held her close and exhausted words of endearment. I told her truthfully that her sleeping was nature's relief while I coaxed every possible mile from the engine.

"But, dearest," said she, "I don't understand what is wrong. You go in and out of stores without apparently speaking to a soul. No one hails us along the way. We never hear the bark of a dog, the cackle of a fowl, or the twitter of a bird. It's like traveling in a dream."

She was overwhelmingly mystified. Before long I knew she would demand facts or a more plausible explanation. Drugging her into insensibility each day was beyond my courage, even if safe. For all of mud-stretches and frequent gullies we had covered about two hundred miles, and yet death stalked our way. The same terrible condition might follow us indefinitely, if my 'phone and telegraph test had value. Perhaps my reticence was ill-advised, was possibly harmful. If Eve must know the truth eventually, why not this night? So with my arm about her as we sat before the coals of our supper fire, I related part of my experience discreetly, tenderly. By the time I had finished, Eve's lovely countenance was the hue of marble.

"How do you explain it?" she demanded. "What is the matter?"

"Something similar to the black plague of London, or cholera," I told her, yet I doubted my words. In that case some of the victims would survive. It must be something totally deadly. Now that the awful knowledge was shared, my heart lightened. There is no greater psychological truth than that trouble shared is halved.

"So," murmured Eve, "back there—we supped—with death."

"Yes, sweetheart."

"And you," she cried, "you bore the ging her into insensibility each day was beyond my courage, even if safe. For all of mud-stretches and frequent gullies we had covered about two hundred miles, and yet death stalked our way. The same terrible condition might follow us indefinitely, if my 'phone and telegraph test had value. Perhaps my reticence was ill-advised, was possibly harmful. If Eve must know the truth eventually, why not this night? So with my arm about her as we sat before the coals of our supper fire, I related part of my experience discreetly, tenderly. By the time I had finished, Eve's lovely countenance was the hue of marble.

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"Yes, sweetheart."

"And you," she cried, "you bore the burden alone! Shielded me! My poor, poor boy, why did you?"

The deep mother instinct of her nature was aroused. She thought only of me. From that moment she seemed to possess the courage and strength of two women. I no longer faced the situation alone. She assisted me with the endurance of a man. Together we managed the ferry across the Ohio River, and together we forged for food amid the prostrate dead. Mishaps to our car, detours to avoid cities, doubtless after being temporarily lost, delayed our progress. It was the fifth day before we neared the home State. Much of the time Eve, to please me, wore the opaque goggles, but she often spelled me at driving, and helped to try the silent 'phones at intervals along the way. One fact impressed me as we traveled. The cadavers I was forced to drive were odorless and became strangely lighter and dry like old parchment.

"Is it possible," I wondered, "that the Power that wrought this deed has provided for erasing His awful work?"

On every hand we continued to find suspended activity. Men and horses had fallen by plows in fields, women slept the eternal slumber on porches where they had sought relief, incumbent dogs guarded empty homes. In a printing office part of an edition awaited the fold ers who would never handle the printed sheets. Across the first page extended great headlines of a French victory and a Russian reverse in the Great War. As Eve and I scanned the latest and last paper we should ever obtain, I expressed an idea that was forming in my mind.

"If our world has passed thru the poisonous gas of a comet—and that danger was feared at the time Halley's comet approached—every one on earth has perished," I told Eve.

She blanched at the monumental suggestion. Her dismayed thought grasped the possibility and came to swift conclusion.

"It's God's way of ending the war," she declared. Her tone was low, but tense with unalterable conviction. "He has repeated the flood to cleanse a wicked world; but the element used was not, this time, water, but fire. It was fire. The world has been swept by flame!"

I could not share her astounding belief. It came from her Puritan training and orthodox ancestry, while my forefathers were scientists, and I demanded a scientific rather than a supernatural agency for the cataclysm. The deadly gas accompanying an eccentric, nebulous star run amuck in our solar system satisfied my conjectures. It would stifle lungs and destroy, but spare vegetation. My girl and I would never think alike. What did it matter? It changed nothing, and her solution braced her to meet the future.

Before that night we were among familiar scenes, were almost at the Wakefield farm.

"Prepare for the worst, sweetheart," I begged of my darling. "Think of your home, but we know that no one is there—and that no one suffers. Remember that."

I insisted on my poor girl remaining in the car while I examined the house. No one was there in the house or grounds, either dead or living. But when I brought Eve into the dear home, full realization flooded her mind. The utter emptiness of earth smote her with full meaning. Despite the conviction that it was He will, she fell forward, upon the frayed couch in a spell of terrible weeping. It was a long time before she regained composure. Weariness and reaction after days of excitement broke down her resistance to grief. Finally she sat erect and made an emphatic statement without a tremor of her vibrant voice.

"This wholesale death is the premeditated act of our Creator," said she. "In his mighty wrath he has wiped out the greed of Trusts and Monopolies and Political Powers. He has ended the hideous conflict of many nations which shamed civilization. And with the unjust have perished the pure in heart. Do you understand? The All Wise nominated us a new Adam and Eve. We inherit the earth and are His stewards."

This mysterious story will be continued in next week's Ledger, presenting the readers with some very strange happenings. If you are not a subscriber to the Ledger, you are strongly urged to send in your subscription at once. Every family should take the Ledger, as humor and stories make real life brighter and pleasanter for all, bring health and entertainment and do every one good. Be wise and attend to this today.

Jolly Reformer.

"I declare," said Mrs. Weatherford, "the way men look at these reforms is simply awful! If a man is dishonest they think it is a joke. If a man gets drunk that is also a joke. Everything is a joke. The possibility of foreigners taking possession of our country, whether they be Japanese, Hindus or Zulus, is also a joke. Woman suffrage is a joke. So is prohibition. I don't understand men.

"Now when I was getting ready for the prohibition parade Mr. Weatherford said he thought it a great pity we didn't have a czar in this country, and he added that all the Czar of Russia had to do was to say 'Vix us vodka' and that would settle the question of intoxication in his country for good and all, while we have to under and resolutions and speeches and volumes of logic and argument and other troublesome stuff that is a great waste of time.

"He said he thought it was a shame that 50,000 people would have to tramp to the polls and mark a long ballot, and that observers would have to hold up for several nights counting ballots, and that the war news would be crowded out of the papers, all for what he called a lazy and practical to have a czar who could just say 'Rouse mittem' and settle it all.

"That shows how men look at things seriously. He hurries home from church to read a book about two rascals that go around swindling people, and when he laughs and chuckles and has a grand time over it, but the fact that the nation is going to the dogs, as pointed out by the minister, doesn't worry him at all.

"My father wasn't like that. He used to thunder at greed and hypocrisy and shams, and he hated fads of every kind. If a policeman fails to arrive in time to prevent a fight my husband is well pleased. He gets a good joke out of it. The more ham and eggs cost the better the joke with him——"

"I don't think he would laugh himself to death at that rate," observed Mrs. Carnochan. "I rather admire him for it. He has to pay for the eggs, anyway, and he might as well have his fun out of it.

"You shouldn't worry. The fact that your husband laughs at these things doesn't prove that he approves of them. He always lines up against the very institutions that he laughs at. That is the way with the men in this country half the time. They laugh at prohibition and then go and vote for it, just the same."

Among the Coyotes

By Wilder Anthony

DAWN was breaking over the Big Horns. A chilly, snappy dawn, for in those altitudes the nights are always cold, and the mountain mist was slowly floating up around the corrugated peaks before the faint but steadily growing streaks of purple in the eastern sky heralding the approaching day with a series of yapping barks and weird, high-pitched howls, a coyote chorus was completing the precipitous ridges around Snake Canyon to resound with echos. Sleep was utterly impossible under such conditions, and Frank Corbin stirred uneasily and sat up. Instinctively his eyes traveled first to his hobbled horse, which grazed a few hundred feet away; then he shook himself free of his blanket and got to his feet.

Darkness of the previous night had overtaken the ranger on the timber-clad mountainside just above the canyon, and as night pursuit in the mountains is neither pleasant nor safe, even for a man accustomed to it, and as there was no special hurry, he had laid himself down beneath the limbs of a great fir and slept the sound, peaceful sleep of a man whose outdoor man. The fact that he had retired supperless and that it would probably be soon at it was no cause for regret. Breakfast was all a part of the day's work. He was used to hardship of that kind, just as he was used to stepping in all sorts of weather wherever night overtook him, with no other protection than that afforded by the overhanging of a single blanket. After making a cigarette to dull the pangs of a man's size appetite, he rolled his blanket into a compact bundle and tied it onto the back of his saddle, which lay near by. Having thus completed preparations for the start, he walked across the grassy park to catch his horse.

The coyotes still continued to raise a clamor that echoed and re-echoed thru the hills. Apparently they were about a half mile away on the opposite side of a low ridge, and Corbin's practiced ears told him that there must be at least a dozen in the pack from the tone of the yapping and howling he judged that the beasts were gathered about a dead or crippled animal. Some kind—probably a steer or a cow, since they were in the very heart of the summer cattle range—and as he caught and saddled his horse, he decided to ride across the ridge for a look at things. His duties as forest ranger gave him a certain responsibility in all the livestock pastured on his section of the reserve, and he felt a little more than curious to the cause of the coyotes' prolonged serenade.

The sun was just tinging the eastern horizon with orange and crimson as he topped the ridge and rode out of the fringe of trees to stop his horse and look around him. As the coyotes were located in the open, the coyotes stopped their racket so suddenly that the ensuing silence came almost as a shock. A number of skulking, dun-gray creatures scampered up the opposite hillside, and one, more venturesome than the rest, or his fellows, paused and turned back to look at the intruder. It was a fatal pause, for the dogged animal had barely come to a standstill when the ranger's hand dropped to his hip and flashed up again, there was a sharp report, and the coyote with one startled yelp jumped straight into the air and fell back quivering, a ring from the ranger's high-powered automatic pistol in its brain. Sliding the weapon back into its holster, the ranger let his eyes rove once more in search of him in search for the cause of this coyote gathering.

Directly in front of him the hill sloped gradually into the gully bottom, while a hundred yards or so farther on another rocky ridge arose from the gully on either direction. The bottom of the gully was covered with a thick growth of rank grass, broken here and there by small clump of cottonwoods or jackpines, and a little stream wound thru its center like a silver ribbon. As far as the ranger could see in any direction the grass was crushed and trampled down as by the hundreds of feet, while a quarter of a mile to his right his eyes fell on a sight that made him scowl angrily at first, then knit his brows in perplexity. Backed against the flat face of a huge cliff, which rose up at the head of the gully like a great wall, was a huddled, grayish-white mass that heaved and surged like the billows of the sea, while a little in advance of the same body a number of smaller fellows, of the same color, but very still, showed where the coyotes had been at work. The dirty-white huddle was a herd of sheep, hundreds of them packed compactly against the cliff, shivering and bleating piteously with terror.

Muttering beneath his breath, the ranger urged his horse down the hill and up the gully in the direction of the sheep. He was a little angry and at the same time puzzled. Angry because the sheep were beyond the prescribed boundaries of their own range, and puzzled at the apparent absence of their herder. Without the protection of men and dogs, sheep, the most timid and helpless of all animals, are entirely at the mercy of wolves and coyotes, to say nothing of bears and other predatory brutes; and Corbin knew that no large band could not possibly have wandered into that part of the range alone, altho the fact that coyotes had already rounded the sheep up and begun their "kill" made him wonder where the herder could be. He had gone part way up the gully and was circling a cottonwood thicket, when his question was answered in unexpected fashion.

A number of magpies, uttering their harsh, raucous cries, flew up from the trees as suddenly that the horse shied and snorted violently and at almost the same instant Corbin's eyes fell on a sight that made him forget the sheep entirely. The next second, with a muttered exclamation and a tightening of his thin lips, he was standing on the ground.

Sprawled out in the long grass in the horrible grotesqueness of death, one who has died suddenly and violently, a man lay on his face. He was a big man, heavy-boned and muscular, dressed in overalls, gray flannel shirt, and high-heeled riding boots, while two or three paces away lay a packed felt hat, evidently the property of the dead man. Corbin's own hat was clutched into the grass roots, as he dug in his elbows preparatory to and before he turned the body over and looked into the tanned, bearded face with its glassy, staring eyes. The ranger started in that he had been dead for several hours. When he turned the body, however, he started back with a cry. He had found a spot of a blood-soaked area of shirt front, directly over the heart, was a bullet hole.

During several minutes of speculative thought Frank Corbin gazed down at the still figure. He knew this man, the stranger to him; but he knew instantly that he must be the missing herder, and the bullet which had pierced his heart had died naturally. Since he had been killed, the next question was why and by whom? And it was the question he pondered over this the ranger looked long and searchingly at the body and the ground around it.

One thought had flashed into his mind instantly. This was cattle range, and the sheep had been driven in from Idaho many times before there had been trouble between certain hot-headed cattlemen and a few sheepmen who persisted in trespassing when their own range began to show signs of shortage. Still, there never had been any "killing" on this district; at least, not during Corbin's term of service; and the day for such summary settlements of differences was supposed to be past, even in the mountains so many miles removed from the courts and other machinery of civilized life. For the moment, Corbin did not really believe that the herder had been shot in an argument over grazing rights, but inclined to think that the murder was the result of a personal quarrel with some one, possibly a cattleman, who had then made his getaway immediately after the crime. With this idea in mind, when he found that the dead man had no weapon on his aid, he turned away and approached the sheep. Their brand, he knew, would enable him to find their owner.

Reassured somewhat by the familiar sight of a man and the abrupt disappearance of the dead body, the sheep were beginning to spread out across the gully and grass, and several of them looked up curiously and inquisitively as the ranger drew near them. Stopping a dozen feet from a fat ewe, he studied the brand on her flank carefully. It was very plain, M—T; and Corbin knew without looking in his pocket brand book that the sheep belonged to Todd, one of the largest sheep and ranch owners in that part of Wyoming.

Going back to the dead man again, Corbin spread his handkerchief over the staring face and then made a careful examination of the surrounding ground. He was trying hard to find some clew to the murderer, but beyond convincing himself that the man had probably been shot from behind a clump of jack-pines a hundred yards away and that the death-dealing bullet was a .30 caliber he discovered nothing important. One thing, however, puzzled him. The herder's dog was nowhere to be found, and, knowing that a sheep dog's chief attachment to duty as he did, the ranger had hard work to account for its absence, unless the supposition that it had been killed and eaten or dragged away by coyotes. Corbin knew now why the coyotes had not attacked the sheep as wantonly as is their usual custom when they find an unprotected herd; they had been restrained by the presence of that silent form near the cottonwoods. Even in death, the herder had for a certain length of time exerted a strong influence over the cowardly brutes.

When he felt that he had done all that he could do for the time being, the ranger mounted his horse and rode straight down the gully until he came to where a pair of telephone wires crossed it to be lost in the timber on either side. From his saddle pockets he took a lineman's little telephone and a pair of pincers, and then he climbed a tree to a point from which he could reach the wires. Five minutes later he was connected with Todd's ranch, twelve miles away, and was telling the man at the other end of the wire of his discovery. When the man had assured him that he would send help to care for the sheep and the dead herder, Corbin went back to the sheep once more, arriving on the ground just in time to shoot another forlornly coyote. He sat down near the herder's little tent and smoked thoughtfully. Until help arrived he would be obliged to postpone his other duties and stay where he was.

It was a little after noon when a horseman came down the gully and came toward the ranger. He was a tall, loose-jointed man, with a wisp of scraggy mustache under his long, pointed nose, and he greeted Corbin with a grunt. He was Dan Pennock, ranch foreman for Marshall Todd, and he was known thruout the county as the closest-mouthed man in the sheep business. He made it an almost invariable rule to speak intelligibly when a grunt or a nod would answer his purpose. He bore the reputation of being a man of few words and deeds, and he had had charge of Marshall Todd's range business for several years.

Pennock, however, was not wasted no time on conversation. He led him directly to where the herder's body lay, and stood there curiously.

Pennock contemplated the remains with a cold and calculating eye. He showed about as much emotion, however, altho Corbin could almost have sworn that his indifference was assumed. It seemed to him that the dead man that the foreman's lack of interest was a studied pose, and not at all natural.

"Purty efficient job, I should think, Dan?" the ranger finally asked, when the other man took his eyes from the body and began to search his pockets for the "makings."

"It's hell!" Pennock replied, with characteristic brevity. "He was a good herder, Sid Walker was. I figured something was wrong when his dog came to the ranch last night, an' I would've rode up today anyhow, even if you hadn't phoned in. There's a reward up the line, I reckon, for the feller who'll get here about dark, I reckon."

"Funny thing the dog would come in by itself, isn't it?" Corbin inquired casually. "I always figured that a trained sheep dog would stay with the sheep regardless. Got any idea who could have done this thing, Dan?"

"Nope," Pennock answered the last question first. "I'm in charge o' this band since spring—I camped with him myself for a spell—but he first I've heard of any man he didn't have no enemies that I know of. He was over the line into cattle range, they say, but I can't make out what he thought the sheep needed feed; an' it may've been a fracas o' that sort. Some o' these——"

There was a pause that the gunfire in Pennock turned abruptly away from the body and went to where the sheep were grazing and looked over the ground carefully. Then he came back and, straightening to do with the present affair he disliked Pennock, and from the very first had considered him unsympathetic, had seemed to him unnatural. He had not failed to note, either, that his question about the dog had been entirely ignored.

The Windfair Mystery

-:- Or -:-

Keeneyes in Disguise

By J. Breckenridge Ellis

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CHAPTER XIV.

BEFORE setting out on his hazardous journey back into the life that had once known him, "Kellogg" had endeavored to prepare for all possible emergencies; and as he had meditated his movements for years before taking the first step, it was not likely that he should be greatly surprised by unforeseen happenings.

When he went to the house from the garden he knew exactly what to do next, and, having reached his room, he set about it swiftly yet carefully. At the end of an hour he was unrecognizable, and all clews to the fact that he had recently worn a beard had vanished in the hearth fire, while the very shaving had been scrupulously gathered up, tied in a cloth and stowed away in his suitcase.

This accomplished, he made up a small bundle which he thrust into his pocket, wrote a hasty note for display on the table, turned out the light and noiselessly left the house. The note contained these words:

"Dear Mr. Pettyberg: In order to follow a clew, I shall be away until noon.

"HAROLD K."

Thanks to the intimacy of his youth with the surrounding country, and the memories of cramped years had tended to mark more strongly, he did not hesitate for a moment in choosing the road to Darrpoint City. The distance was six miles, and he walked it with leisurely ease, drinking in the familiar perfumes of fields and woods. There was no moon; he met no one on the way.

At Darrpoint City he took the three-twenty train, which landed him in St. Joseph after sunrise. Here he had his hair cut, the first thing necessary to escape from prison, sixteen years ago. He questioned the barber not to clip it, as he did not want it to seem suddenly short.

At the counter in the station dining-room he had a cup of coffee, a pork chop, hot cakes and syrup. Then, by means of another train, he was carried to a small town where he changed for a "motor," as the people called the interurban that ran into Windfair. The motor line made almost a complete circuit, and no one seeing him get off the "motor" at half-past eleven would have supposed he could have been to St. Joseph.

On the Windfair motor he saw scores of people whom he recognized, or was pretty well able to guess at, but he himself passed as a total stranger—the very hackman who had taken him in his bus the evening before, tho a man accustomed to remember strange faces, did not remember him. This was natural since, on the evening before, he had worn bushy whiskers and a heavy mustache, and his clothes were a noticeable misfit, while now they looked neat and stylish.

When he came in sight of Mr. Pettyberg's house he was careful to find if any one were looking from door or window. This seemed not to be the case, and he hurriedly went thru the hall and up to his room, holding his hat as if to hide his face, should he meet any one on the way. Safe in his room, he drew from his suitcase a piece of soap that caused him infinite pains and no little skill—it was, so far as he had been able to make it, an exact duplicate of the whiskers and mustache which he had destroyed the night before.

He fastened the strange growth on lip, cheeks and chin, and with his hat pulled down over his eyes he emerged from his bedroom, walked down to the library. It was empty, and he stepped briskly to the front porch. Here he seated himself in a shaded corner and was presently joined by the master of the house.

The old gentleman expressed pleasure at finding him, and without making inquiries as to the cause of his absence, plunged at once into a matter that thoroly engrossed him. He was full of it, and so excited by it, that he hardly knew how to begin the story, and certainly had no eyes to notice any changes that might have occurred to the other's physiognomy.

"My son-in-law tells me—Mr. Woolcraft—that, unknown to me, he has had detectives at work for several years trying to trace down the man who started all my troubles—you know whom I mean —Emory Barstow. I tried to have him run down when he first got out of prison, but I gave it up. I felt that revenge was at work on it, but these recent robberies made him go at it with all his might."

"Yes?"

"And, by George, the trail's been picked up at last! Yes, sir; they came on the hot scent down in Mexico. He was working for a silver mining company—a sort of bookkeeper under the name of Widgett—Jasper Widgett."

"Where did he come from before he lighted in Mexico?" asked "Kellogg."

"Oh, there's no telling anything about the Americans who are mining in Mexico, or whether they are Americans or Englishmen, or anything about it. They don't ask any questions down there except: Is the fellow competent to add figures, and honest in paying off the peons? Woolcraft couldn't trace the fugitive from prison to Mapimi, but he got him located at Mapimi all right."

"How did they know he was the fellow they wanted?"

"Came about in an odd way. This Jasper Widgett was roaming about the barren landscape one Sunday afternoon with no business on his hands, and he carried a long, sharp stick. There'd been a heavy snow. He seemed all in, somehow, and the superintendent, happening to be out on horseback, was struck by his dejected manner. He saw Widgett stop and make marks with the stick in the snow, and he was afraid something was up. A fellow gets so lonesome out there that sometimes he goes off his head for variety, and Widgett was too valuable a man to lose. The superintendent imagined he was writing a last word of message to the world before putting ar end to himself. So after Widgett had moved on, he rode up to read what was written in the snow."

"Kellogg" pulled his hat lower over his eyes, as if shielding them from the sunlight. "Did he find anything?"

"Yes—a name: My daughter's name. 'Myrtle—Myrtle—Myrtle;' it was repeated a score of times."

"Not 'Myrtle Woolcraft,' I presume?" the other asked, quickly.

"No, no, just the first name. But that wasn't all. Further along he had written, 'Windfair.' So it happened that this superintendent is a friend of Woolcraft's, and so he knew all about that trial of Emory Barstow. He began feeling around to see if this 'Widgett' hadn't once come from this town. And there is where the fellow made a serious mistake. He declared he never had been of a place called 'Windfair,' and that he wrote 'Windfair' in the snow because that was his Myrtle's last name. He wasn't much to go on, but the superintendent dropped Woolcraft a note to put him wise, and Woolcraft sent down the detectives. They'd hardly lit when the mysterious 'Widgett' vanished, and without his pay—walked off among the mountains at the mercy of stray bands of bandits and insurrectionists."

"It seems like a confession of guilt," remarked "Kellogg."

"That's what it seems. Well, he was out of pocket for two years, and then the trail was picked up not far from here —at the junction town you came thru—Bridge Junction."

"Day before yesterday?"

"No, not day before; Bridge Junction about a month ago.

"And on to this town?"

"Naturally, we suppose so."

"But if he came here a month ago, where has he been hiding?"

"Somewhere down in Mexico, I suppose. Or it might be that he came to Bridge Junction a month ago, meaning to come here, and found out he was being shadowed, or simply lost his nerve, and turned around and slunk back to his hole."

"Kellogg" nodded. "That sounds very reasonable. And has he been back to Bridge Junction since?"

"They're not looking for him there, but here. A detective is in town now with both eyes open, and as soon as he lights——"

"From the description I understand he wears whiskers a good deal like mine, eh?"

"Well, yes, except that yours are false, and his were home-grown, so to speak. When the detectives went to Mapimi they learned that for a certainty. 'Widgett' as he called himself, had grown bold, and was rooming with the one or the civil engineers, so we know his hair was tight to his head."

At that moment the maid appeared at the door to call them to luncheon.

Mr. Pettyberg, whose appetite was not keen, usually made it a point not to obey such summons until he thought the rest of the family had assembled, and on this occasion he kept talking to "Kellogg." Woolcraft, for some reason obliged to come to town, was to dine at home, and now crossed the porch to enter the hall-way, with a brief nod to the detective. Pettyberg rose, and "Kellogg" followed them to the dining-room, still wearing his hat.

"Mr. Pettyberg has been telling me," said "Kellogg," as they passed into the dining-room, "that you are certain to run down Emory Barstow in a very short time."

"I am sure of it, absolutely sure of it."

"Kellogg" glanced at Mrs. Woolcraft, who paled at these words, but did not lift her head, then at Miss Betty Edge, who flashed a look at Woolcraft curiously compounded of tenderness for him and sympathy for the hunted fugitive.

There was an awkward pause before drawing back the chairs, and then Mr. Pettyberg with a frown looked significantly at "Kellogg," who had not removed his hat.

"Ah," said "Kellogg," with a shrug, "how careless of me. Excuse me just a moment till I put my hat on the rack."

"May I take it, sir?" offered the maid.

"No, no—and please don't wait for me."

"Kellogg" hurried back to the hall, hung his hat on a peg, snatched off his false whiskers and mustache which he thrust carelessly into the pocket of his dress coat, and opened the front door. Then he slammed the front door, trod heavily, as if some one had just entered, approached the dining-room door and knocked lightly. The maid appeared.

"Pardon me," said "Kellogg," in a deep, sonorous, rolling voice, "may I speak for a moment with the gentleman of the house?"

Zella looked helplessly toward the table, and "Kellogg" pushed past her.

"We are at our luncheon," said Mr. Pettyberg, glaring. "How did you get into my house, sir?"

All eyes were fastened inhospitably upon "Kellogg," who stood within the entrance, hat in hand, as he turn. His clean-shaven face was strikingly handsome. It was eloquent of reserve strength, suggesting a world of power, yet found and melancholy thought. The features in themselves were fine, but much more striking was the haunting expression about the lips and in the eyes —the expression of a man who has passed thru hell and, with set teeth, shrink from plunging again into the flames.

"May I join you at your table?" he asked, advancing.

Mr. Pettyberg started up. "Sir, this is too much! What do you want?"

"The fact is," was the answer, in measured tones, "I am a detective, and can here tell you what Harold Woolcraft is in Windfair. Three days ago he came to Bridge Junction and there took the train for this place. I was coming as he came. But where he went after leaving his car, nobody knows unless I do. As for me, I've started here to you——"

"To me? Impossible!"

"To you, Mr. Pettyberg." He drew his false beard from his pocket, and with some difficulty succeeded in sticking it in place.

"By George, it's Kellogg!" exclaimed Mr. Pettyberg in delight, and Woolcraft, who had been staring in stony amazement, burst into laughter. The old gentleman slapped him approvingly upon the back. "Of course you may join us at table. You've got those things and let's see you again as you really are. The alteration is so remarkable, I feel I should introduce you all over again. Now you look like the detective I wanted to employ. I must admit all those whiskers were too suggestive of the farmer."

"It's almost a miracle!" Woolcraft declared. "But that gulf you were giving us about 'Kellogg'—was that made up to tantalize us?"

"There might be something in it," returned "Kellogg," with a mysterious smile, "but, after all, it's a little too early in the day to show my hand, so I'll ask you for the present to forget it."

As soon as he dared, he shot a penetrating glance at Mrs. Woolcraft. Had she, of all people, come to divine from his real identity? Was it possible, after all that had passed between them, that the exposed features should tell her nothing? To be sure, she was only 17 when they had parted for the last time, and during the passing years she must have dwelt upon the memory of him as he had upon every look of her face, every accent of her voice. Still—was he quite safe from her as he was perfectly safe from the others?

But her eyes lowered, and her beautiful, calm face, pale and impassive, told him nothing.

In spite of this element of uncertainty imparting its thrill of vague fear, he drew a great sigh of relief. Thus far all had gone as well as he could have wished. The crucial moment had come and passed: he sat at the family board without disguise.

CHAPTER XV.

JUST after luncheon "Kellogg" went with the gardener to the deserted barn, in which—according to the gardener—the mysterious "Mr. A." had told him the Pettyberg piano was concealed. Sure enough, up in the loft, whither it must have been conveyed with much difficulty, the piano was found, behind a pile of barrels and boxes.

The gardener could tell no more, or at any rate would tell no more, than he had related before, and "Kellogg" was left to form his own conclusions. He was convinced that the gardener was "Mr. A.;" but why he should have acted in collusion with the gang down the river was open to question. The gardener insisted that "Mr. A." had done so in order to entrap the Torbitt family. In that case, had Mrs. Woolcraft been cognizant of the adventure? Probably, since the gardener was willing for "Kellogg" to tell her, and her alone, all the story.

"Kellogg" resolved upon taking Mrs. Woolcraft to the barn, and there learn, after showing her the piano, if the instrument had been abstracted from her father's house with her knowledge and permission. Returning to the house, he told her he had made a discovery, and asked her to go with him about a mile from home.

Mrs. Woolcraft acquiesced without any hesitation, and ordered the two-seated phaeton to be brought around to the porch. "I am fond of driving," she said, "so we will take Miss Betty with us when we start. Her face was brighter than he had seen it since his coming. Evidently her husband's confession to Miss Betty Edge did not disturb her in the least.

As they drove away, both on the front seat, it was impossible for him not to be sensible of her changed demeanor. Her lassitude, her terrible melancholy, her brooding fear, had all given way to almost dissipated. Surely it could not be that she had penetrated his disguise, and took pleasure in the knowledge of his identity? As for himself, to be beside her once more was all the heaven earth could offer.

As they spun along the familiar streets—just as he had taken her driving as a mere boy—the scenes of the past association acted upon him as continual intoxicating draughts. His head seemed to become light, and his heart to beat, his pulses singing in his heart clamored for utterance, and he pressed his lips tightly together lest he should let some unpardonable indiscretion. She, too, was full of a wild, fluttering intensity, as if she could scarcely restrain the spirit of the swiftly rushing breeze, and was tingling with the bursting muscle and ecstatic joys of richly glowing summer.

He felt that he ought to offer some explanation for having her driven out of town along the quiet well-shaded country road; but she did not ask any questions, she did not seem to have any curiosity. She talked incessantly about the places they passed—meadows, farmhouses, orchards—there was nothing to tell about each, yet nothing that could have interested a stranger.

She never once took her eyes from what she told him would interest him—names of tenants and owners, but especially how much had been added thereto by her girlhood. He expected her every moment to mention Emory Barstow, but she did not. She had been in many, yet it, in some intangible manner, floated always about their heads, ready to be seized upon.

At last they were stopped, just as "Kellogg" was about to direct her to turn toward the left, by a heavily loaded hay rake a circuitous route, not wishing to terminate the dear experience, but the man, already across a hedge into the middle of the road with uplifted hand, asked some question, he was glad of the delay, and only so well served his mood that at the moment he experienced no sense of alarm, not even of wonder.

"Pardon me," said the man, with a slight Irish brogue, "but is Woolcraft? I am the detective your husband employed to lie in wait for the probable burning of your property."

Mrs. Woolcraft turned white, and her hands grasping the reins were rigid.

"Kellogg" met the situation with cool imperturbability. He recognized him as a fellow who had shadowed him about the building works in Mapimi, and it seemed certain that the other must surely recognize him. He saw before him a tall, slender figure, the red face surmounted by a narrow black mustache, the eyes evasive and restless. The detective from Mexico was the plausible, clean-shaven, well-dressed gentleman, apparently quite at his ease; presenting in every way a contrast to the man in his memory of Emory Barstow that he found, apparently, no resemblance.

To be sure, one could not be accurately certain about what the man suspected. He would know well enough that his Emory Barstow might be dead or alive and shave his face; and he could see that Barstow and "Kellogg" were of the same size. The eyes might betray the fugitive, if the detective had ever closely examined the eyes of the mining bookkeeper.

Mrs. Woolcraft was the first to break the constrained silence, and her recovered animation struck her companion with wonder.

"Yes, I heard of your being in town,"

she said, with sudden cordiality. "It is Mr. Pumps? I thought I remembered the name correctly; it struck me at the time I heard it as rather unusual. I have a detective here of my own—" and she gave a little nod toward her companion. "This is Mr. Kellogg from St. Louis; you've no doubt heard of him—the famous Harold Kellogg."

"Yes, of course I've heard of him," said Pumps, noncommittally. "I don't think I've seen that famous Harold Kellogg." He did not volunteer the information, but shook hands mechanically with the man in the phaeton. "So you're working on the job, too?"

"That's it," returned "Kellogg," indifferently. "I'm working on the job, too."

"Good enough. Then you might as well go along with us." He turned to Mrs. Woolcraft. "I've made a discovery. Would you oblige me by taking me up? I'd like to have you drive to a certain barn fast from here, for there's where there's something that might be of interest to you."

Mrs. Woolcraft assented without cordiality, but Pumps did not care for the lack of friendliness. He climbed into the back seat, and as Mrs. Woolcraft began to make the very turn that "Kellogg" had been on the eve of proposing, in a short time stopped before the barn where "Kellogg" and the gardener had already visited.

As Pumps descended from the vehicle, he asked "Kellogg," casually, "Have you any idea why I have asked Mrs. Woolcraft to drive here?"

"Yes, I think I understand," returned "Kellogg," coolly, also leaving the phaeton.

"Possibly," Pumps suggested, "you were going to ask Mrs. Woolcraft to come here if you had not met me?"

"The case, exactly."

Mrs. Woolcraft looked from one to the other, murmuring, "What is the mystery?"

"The fact is," Pumps explained, "I've made a singular discovery at this barn. I've found some of the missing property. And now I desire that Mr. Kellogg also knows about it. I found out the truth by exploring the whole neighborhood systematically. I don't know by what method Mr. Kellogg reached the discovery."

"Of course you don't," was the easy response, "for I have never been a man to explain my system."

There was nothing in "Kellogg's" manner to indicate perturbation or fear of discovery; nothing in his attitude to suggest that he suspected the other, and yet, to Mrs. Woolcraft, the atmosphere seemed changed—nay, charged with electricity. She appeared much more composed than she felt.

After the horses had been fastened to a tree, they entered the barn. "We must ascend to the loft," said Pumps, solemnly.

There was a narrow flight of dusty steps leading above, and they went up in single file. The trap door was not closing, and "Kellogg" made haste to throw open a wooden window. Pumps led the way directly to a remote corner, where there were heaped up a number of empty barrels and boxes. He was about to pull them to one side, when he looked at Mrs. Woolcraft over his shoulder.

"Upon my word, madam, I should congratulate myself on working with a lady so even-tempered and quiet. I don't believe you care what I've found!" Then he removed the barricade, and revealed her an upright piano wrapped in various coverings. He pulled off the rubber cover. "This is yours, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Woolcraft, going to it and opening the front. She struck a few aimless chords, then looked at the other. "How came my piano in this place?"

Pumps smiled. Her manner was so composed, so detached, that under the circumstances it could not seem to him other than marvelous. "Madam, are you not astonished?"

"Do I not show my astonishment?" returned Mrs. Woolcraft, a trifle sharply.

Pumps shrugged his shoulders. "Kellogg" was thrown for the moment into sympathy with his rival. The lady certainly showed no emotion.

"The truth is," Mrs. Woolcraft spoke as if their silence called for some explanation, "many very extraordinary things have happened at our home during the past two years that any looks of wonder are not to be expected from me, no matter what you show me. Of course, I've known the piano was somewhere; that it could not long burn is not so surprising as that different objects should vanish from our house as if by magic. I have never cared where this piano was; what I do care about is, who took it away."

"That I hope soon to tell you," Pumps said, apparently dejected over this reception of his brilliant find.

"Shall we have the piano returned at once?" inquired "Kellogg."

"This place is stifling," murmured Mrs. Woolcraft. "Let us return to the carriage. I do not care what you do with the piano. It doesn't interest me. Long ago I gave up playing upon it."

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The Beautiful Spy

Or, The Wireless Torpedo

By Augustin W. Breeden

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CHAPTER VI.

AT HALF-PAST EIGHT, the same morning, I was in the sitting-room at Mrs. Selis' talking to Jennie. She had spent many sleepless nights, to judge from her appearance; her face was pale and her eyes red and swollen. In a way she looked more lovely and madonna-like than I had ever seen her, and I thought: "What a beast that Nate Wherry is!"

"Jennie," I said to her, "we must save Nate Wherry. He is about to commit an act of supreme folly, and his foolish love for Miss Frost is what is leading him into it. If you know of any way to win back his love you must use it."

"I know of no way," she murmured sadly.

"Yet there is a way."

"What way?"

"I don't know. But I know this: Once a man has loved a woman, that woman has for him some supreme quality; and if she uses that quality rightly she can win him back. Miss Jennie, there is some one thing about you that in the beginning made Nate Wherry love you. Perhaps it was the way you smile, or the way your voice sounded in the church choir, or possibly it was the way you held of speech, or else your carriage and the tilt of your chin. Think now, Miss Jennie. What had you been doing when he first showed you that he cared for you?"

The girl blushed very deeply and then said: "I had been playing and singing 'Silver Threads.'"

"I see," said I. "And what sort of dress did you have on?"

"A white lawn with a little pink sprays in it."

"And how was your hair done?"

"Loose. It was held back with a little silver bandeau in front, but was down loose behind."

"All right, Miss Jennie. Get out that old lawn dress and that silver bandeau. It's a good coming summer, and a little late in coming and lawns have not got common yet. More hearts are lost when the lawn season comes in, Miss Jennie, than at any other time of the year. A lawn dress, a straw chapeau, and a sprays of wild apple blossom in the hand make a blue-eyed girl absolutely irresistible to the average man."

The sad girl smiled in spite of herself at my philosophy.

"Rig up just as you were that day," I commanded, "and be waiting for me a little before sunset. I am going to take you some place."

"Not to see him," cried the gird, aghast.

"No, trust me, nothing improper, my child; nothing that might even be called bold."

"I'll be ready." She smiled at me a little tearfully. "I'll do the best I can."

I hurried from her home in order to meet Miss Frost at early office hours. I had palmed the ace of diamonds, meant to play it as skilfully as I knew how. Meanwhile there were four other cards in my hand that I must play before sunset.

"Miss Pauline," I said, as I moved my chair closer to her, "we must do any office work right now, if you please. I want to talk to you about another matter." I was meant to palm the ace of diamonds and then the king of hearts. "Miss Frost," I said, "if you were a widower like me, a widower who might say, and worth over a half-million dollars, with a likelihood of being a millionaire within the next six years, would you be willing to remain single?" I didn't let her reply, but went on talking about my property. "Miss Frost, my timber holdings in the State of Louisiana alone, at the present advance of lumber, will make me a millionaire in six years. I have thirty acres of very promising oil land near Tulsa, and two producing wells on it. My coal and lumber yards in this State alone make me a profit of fifty dollars a day. Really, Miss Frost, everything I touch makes me money. Now, the first question was not the only one I was going to ask you. I was going to ask you this question also: If you were doing as well as I, and had an assured income whether you worked or not, would you be willing to live in a dull little Western village, or wouldn't you want to live in Baltimore, or Philadelphia, or New York?"

"I will answer both your questions," said the girl archly, and somehow she managed to move nearer me so that her bare forearm—she had on short sleeves —touched my hand. "If I were you, I would marry if I knew some one whom I loved. Second, if I had your wealth and were a man with a young and beautiful wife, I would winter partly in New York and partly at Palm Beach, but I would summer at Thousand Islands."

"Well, tell me something then," I asked, fool that I was. I had ceased to play a part and was talking now in real earnest. "About how much a year would it take for me to dress a young wife in these places you mention?"

She frowned charmingly as if making a perplexing calculation. Presently she said: "Oh, one ought to dress on twelve thousand a year. But then there are your two little girls, they must be considered, too. I would say about fifteen thousand a year apiece for them. But I forgot—they would be at boarding-school."

"Eighteen thousand is no money for me," I said a little boastfully. My mother maintained my own household on about eighteen hundred a year.

She looked at me and smiled in a way to make the stanchest man turn his head. "Lucky girl," she sighed, "whoever she is!" and then she began to hum:

"Oh, Jim, lucky, lucky Jim,
His girl was always happy
If she could be by him."

"Miss Frost," I interrupted her, "I had played you a game. Nathan Wherry was now about to play the king of hearts. 'Miss Frost, I dreamed of you last night —dreamed of you. I would take about three south windows of my bedroom were open, and the scent of wild apple blossoms from the buffoon trees blew into my room, and I dreamed of you. And—and—Miss Frost—Pauline—I awoke this morning with a resolution to ask you never to let another day pass without letting you know how much I love you.'"

"To have acted on it before you not have told at that moment whether I was really in earnest or whether I was playing my hand to save my ace. I would rather think my thoughts ran like this: 'If she is honest and not an adventuress, I want her: if she is not, I must pretend I did to save the torpedo.'"

"Pauline," I went on, I had now got both of her small hands before my eyes and was leaning very close to her. 'Pauline, I have loved you almost from the first moment I saw you. Tell me, won't you be my wife?'"

"Mr. Stahlman," she said, "I had never thought of you in that way before. I suppose you were nice to me simply because of your kind heart. I have often wondered as we worked here in the office if you might ever come to care for me as I—as She broke off suddenly and sat staring before her.

Presently she continued. "Mr. Stahlman, Harry—that's what your mother calls you, isn't she?—I am very grateful is so sudden that I cannot answer it at once. Give me until tomorrow night. Tomorrow night I will give you an answer."

In vain I urged her. That far she would come, and no further. I pleaded with her, and at last forgot all about the wireless torpedo and lost my head completely. In the end I won for the time, I fondly caught her in my arms and swept her to her feet, and a moment later somehow her lips were pressed to mine as I was kissing her on the lips. Only a step on the office stairs caused me to release her, and I was busy at my desk writer by the time I had time to collect my wits and call, "Come in."

Ten minutes later we had mutual explanations, of course, I left the office, hot and ashamed of the way I had done, but still wondering if perhaps the girl she was what she pretended to be or the veriest adventuress alive. I had played two good cards, and I had lost. Now I was a trick or not I could not know. Now I went to Nathan Wherry's, resolved to play my third card, the ace of clubs. I aimed to beat Nathan over the head, so to speak, till I browbeat him to some semblance of manhood in his love.

"Nathan," I said, "your father was Captain Nathan Wherry of Company F, of the Civil War regiment of which old father was Colonel. He was breveted for bravery and 'extreme heroism displayed at Gettysburg.' He fought there the very devil to defend the flag on Little Round Top that day when, after six hours of fighting, only 300 men could be across portions of the field on the dead end dying."

"Yes," he assented.

"And your grandfather was Jonathan Wherry, who commanded a battery at Buena Vista under old General Taylor, and gave the Mexes such hot shot that old Santa Anna had to escape and leave his peg leg behind. And your great-grandfather was one of the Massachusetts Wherrys from down Gloucester way—one of that bunch of hardy old bankers that did so much to bring on the Revolution and helped so much to win it for America."

"He was," said Nathan, proudly.

"Now, what I want to know," I asked, "are you going to turn traitor to your country for the sake of a New York City adventuress?"

Of course this speech did not become one who had just come from proposing marriage to that same adventuress; but I was playing the ace of clubs, and I threw it down upon the table with all my might.

"Sir," he cried, "I'll have you to understand—"

"Wait," I warned. "I heard you promise last night, or rather this morning, that you would carry your torpedo to-night and give it into the hands of Miss Frost. Nathan, you don't know what she is. She may be a foreign spy."

"Mr. Stahlman," he cried, "if you—"

But I stopped him.

"But that is not the worst," I said. "You have deliberately turned your back on one of the finest little women that God ever created. You took Jennie Selis' money to help build this torpedo. You have accepted her love and the inspiration of her love year after year, and now you turn her down for mere adventuress. And let me tell you, boy, Jennie Selis is really too good to wipe her feet on such men as you and me. You may turn her down; but some day the right man will come along—a man who knows true worth when he sees it—and he will teach her at length to forget you, and she will become the honored wife of God's handful of men, and you will be to her as a stranger."

I could see that he was moved, and so delivered a few more of my own inspired appeals, and then only the small first payment of the ace of clubs. Then, said I, he was to do days alone with Miss Frost, get the Watch and Chain, you are not proud of your job, return them to us, and your small deposit will be returned.

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among the uppermost branches of the lombardy poplar in Mrs. Spink's yard? Windshield of an auto flashing in the sun, I thought at first. Then it came again and again. I stepped out into the yard where I could see its source. Some one was flashing a heliograph message from an upper window of Mrs. Peevy's house, five blocks up the street. I watched it, fascinated. It was a message that looked to me as if it were in the regular Morse code. I put on my hat and hastened up the street. I was determined to learn once for all if Pauline Frost was a spy. I slipped in the back way at Mrs. Peevy's and up a back stairs. I came upon Pauline Frost in the act of sending her heliograph message. I was close enough to have touched her before I let her know I was there.

"Good evening, Miss Frost," I said.

"Oh, you frightened me," she cried. Then she laughed and added: "I have been using the sun. You have been flashing this mirror into the eyes of some little boys away down the street there."

"And so they will visit us again tonight," I said dryly.

"Who?" she asked.

"Those men you were signaling to."

"I Signaling?" She seemed too astonished for speech.

I came closer and caught her wrists in my hands. "Miss Frost," I hissed, "you are a spy! You must have. You are arrested at once."

"Me! A spy!" Her laugh rang clearly all over the house. "Now really, Mr. Stahlman, that is too rich. I only wish I were a spy. I understand spies make lots of money. But I'm afraid I am very clever and interesting."

I really expected somehow to force a confession from her when I crept up on her there. Now I reflected that even if I had her arrested, she would have a lot of anything but circumstantial evidence against her. So I made an awkward apology and left the hasty retreat, feeling myself a bigger fool than Nathan Wherry. Meanwhile, night was coming on with a threat of storm from the southwest, and it promised to be a night full of thrills for me. As soon as I reached home I instantly phoned to Mart Stockton. Here was a high card that I had almost forgotten I held.

"Hello, Mart." I said very low. "Can you hear me?"

"Uhhuh."

"Well, listen. Bring your Winchester and a good six-gun and come to town. There's going to be a spree tonight, or the scurvy mistaken."

"All right." That was all Mart said. But it steadied my nerves quite a good deal to hear the way he said it.

CHAPTER VII.

I HAD scarcely hung up the 'phone receiver, and was preparing to go over to Nate's to let him know about the heliographing business, when the 'phone rang and Nate was calling me. His voice showed that he was in a tremendous rage.

"Mr. Stahlman," he sputtered, "I want to tell you that you have acted like a scoundrel!"

"Have I?" I asked. For the life of me I could not think of anything else to say.

"You are a scoundrel!" he shouted over the 'phone. Then: "Miss Frost has just told me how you forced your most odious attentions upon her this morning, and also how you treated her and talked to her then and since."

"Listen, Nathan," I said, trying my best to control my rising wrath, but having little success. "Neither you nor any other young prig can call me to account in this manner. I'll slap your face for you, sir!"

"You are a scoundrel!" he shouted again. "You are a deep-dyed, double-distilled scoundrel, and I want you to return my blue prints and chemical tonight!"

I got my temper under control. "Listen, Nate," I said. "For the Lord's sake, listen! That woman sent a heliograph message just before sunset. Listen to reason, and don't take any chances with her tonight!"

"It's a lie! She sent no message!" he shouted, and I groaned and hung up.

I sank down into a chair, weak and helpless. I saw it all now. I saw again the mechanical fish swimming hither and thither at Nathan Wherry's will. Again I heard his enthusiastic words: "The nation that owns this invention could police the world in the interest of universal peace."

"What he says is true," I muttered, "and yet this invention is now in the hands of a temporary madman."

Then I began to see how much I, too, was insane over Pauline Frost. Was I, after all, any better than he? I resolved from that moment forth to put her image resolutely out of my mind, and be ice and steel where this beautiful fascination was concerned. Revengefully I vowed that I would strip this adventuress bare of her pretenses, that I would make her beg me for mercy before I was thru with her. I could eat no supper, and I strolled restlessly up and down the hall and front veranda waiting for Mart Stockton to put in an appearance. The sky was an opaque black forecast, and lightning was playing vividly in the southwest. A few big raindrops began to fall.

"I hope it blows great guns, and blows their blooming aeroplane out of the sky!" I muttered to myself.

I went up to my room and put on a raincoat and slipped a riot gun, a sawed-off shotgun, into the pocket. I had my good automatic where I could easily get my hands on it. Just as I heard a dash of rain on the roof I heard Mart's "Hello!" back at the garage.

I told my mother that I was going to a neighboring village on business, and that if it stormed I might not be back that night, and then I hurried out to Mart.

"We'd better go in my racing car, Mart," I said. "We might possibly need something pretty fast."

Mart silently climbed out of his Ford. He gave a look of approval at my riot gun, and I noted with satisfaction that he had a Winchester.

"Got a flashlight?" I asked.

"Uhhuh." He grunted.

"Well, listen," I said. "Here's the situation. Nate Wherry, who has gone crazy over his invention, thinks I'm a spy. Miss Frost, Wherry's tonight—a torpedo, to be exact. Miss Frost has been sending out both code messages by wire and heliograph, and no doubt her confederates mean to come tonight and take this torpedo away. Wherry has gone to guard Mrs. Peevy's house and see that no strangers come near to go. This torpedo is a bright, nickeled, fish-shaped object, about thirty inches long. If it falls into your hands in the jamboree, hold it with your life."

He nodded his understanding, and tapped his Winchester. I cut out my lights, and we crept down the dark side street of the village, up which was roaring now a typical summer night storm. Passing the house of Mrs. Peevy, where we returned on a back street behind Mrs. Peevy's residence, I had previously 'phoned Mrs. Peevy to be very quiet, saying, but gave her only the slightest hint of our purpose. We parked the car well out of the street and stepped into her garden to her back door. A very slight tap sufficed to get me admitted.

"Is Wherry here?" I asked.

"Yes, he's here," answered the good Mrs. Peevy. "He's here mighty nigh all the time these days."

"Mrs. Peevy, a certain gentleman and myself are going to guard your house for you tonight. Two men, or perhaps more, are liable to come here at some hour of the night. So if you hear any strange noises, don't be alarmed. No harm is meant to you. They will be after something that Miss Frost has."

"I understand," nodded the widow Peevy. "She's a spy. I've knowed it all along, and I heered what you said to her this evening over the 'phone."

While she spoke I heard the plink, plank, plonk of a violin being tuned, and knew that the enchantress was beginning to make another dollar. Before I left more than an hour I stood out there among the lilac bushes with my shoulders hunched up to the spattering rain, and gazed longingly at the stream of rosy light that beamed out from beneath the shades of the "Lorelei." In vain I tried to drive jealousy from my heart and the image of that enchantress from my memory. I was a miserable fool, but for the life of me I could not get rid of the flattering thought that she had said less than twenty-four hours before that I might be my wife, and we should go on a certain honeymoon. Also, I constantly remembered the kiss that Pauline had been in my arms, not too unwillingly, I thought, and that my lips had been on hers.

I knew that Mart Stockton was having an equally dreary vigil on the other side of the house. Once I thought I would slip around and pass the time of night with him, but then I mused that it was the part of a good soldier to stay on sentry duty. It must have been nearly an hour later that I was conscious that some one was stealing cautiously into the grounds. I, too, started stealing toward the dark object, ready to give him "butts to the neck" with my riot gun as soon as I came within striking distance. But he chose the other side of the house as near as I could guess, and I followed around in order to catch him between Uncle Mart and me, if possible.

Suddenly I heard a low "Hey there!" in the voice of one of my nearest neighbors. And the next instant I heard a heavy thump. Mart must have given him butts to the neck if not to the head, there was what sounded like a struggle, and then a groan, and then a thud as my neighbor fell. I flashed my light into his face. It was Henry Baudisin, a foreigner who had been a neighbor of mine for ten years, and whom I thought of only as the best truck gardener and the most punctual man at paying his debts. Well, let him pay his debt for meddling here!

"Roll him and search him," I commanded in a whisper, but Mart was already at it. We found a telltale card on him. The card bore the words: "B. B. This man Baudissin is 'O. K.,' and was signed: "E. M. Burgmeister, M. D."

This Burgmeister was the man to whom Miss Frost had sent the code message that first day in my office. I now understood that she was having him investigated or perhaps arrested long ago.

But I looked as if our friend were dead, and I didn't really like to see him killed, even with that card on him. I whispered to Mart that if Mrs. Peevy could take him in and do something for him, when, as I neared the house, I heard a low moan and Mart suddenly came out into view in the semi-blackness.

"That's him," whispered one, "that's Wherry!"

So they meant foul play for Wherry! I wound my gun and tried to strike, but they were too close to me, and were both on me in a minute. Even at that I might have shot them at close range with my riot gun, but I have always said I couldn't shoot a man if I could help myself. So all I did was to ram the butt of my gun into the stomach of the second man I pulled over. Wherry with such force as to cause him to give one gigantic exaggerated hiccough. And then another, and then one with such fury that I thought they aimed to kill me at once, and I snatched my automatic pistol, and it came forth belching flame. One of the shots hit the second scoundrel, and he rolled over and groaned. I felt somewhat sick with the feeling that I had killed a man, and just then I heard another great hiccough behind Nathan Wherry's Winchester, and both the rascals were writhing on the ground before me.

In a flash I remembered which followed I heard Wherry's voice inside the hallway, loud and angry.

"No, you're not escaping!" he cried. Then: "Mrs. Peevy! Mrs. Peevy, come help me lock this woman up."

"Ah, then my eyes are opened at last!" I thought.

I broke into the hall just in time to see Miss Frost hurl Mrs. Peevy Wherry and dash out of the front hall doorway into the darkness. I rushed up to Nate. "Where's the torpedo, man!" I shouted. "Where's the torpedo?"

"God only knows!" he gasped. He looked at me wildly. "They beaten!" he panted. "That woman bewitched me. She's a spy. I tell you, she's a spy."

I did not bother to tell the raving him that I had made that same remark to him numerous times before. I shook him.

"Collect your wits, man," I shouted, "and tell me what you have done with the torpedo. You've got it, I'll bet."

"No," he muttered blankly. "I left it at home in the usual place; but—but I told her where it was."

"Then come and let's run for it before she and her pals get it."

As we passed Uncle Mart and Mrs. Peevy on the back stoop, administering brandy to the wounded men, I called to Mart to follow me. I got the three ran for my racing car. We reached the spot where I had parked it. It was gone. There was not a moment to lose. We all three ran like the wind to Nathan Wherry's, six blocks and better away. At two reached it, Nathan almost tumbled onto the back porch, and crawling across on hands and knees, lifted the corner of the cellar door directly under him, and flashed my light down into the place. The torpedo was gone.

Nathan suddenly sat down on the floor and began to blubber. I tried the door to the dining-room, but it was locked, and with a blow from an ax I broke it from its hinges. I entered the dining-room with Mart at my heels and flashlight showed the dining-room to be topsy-turvy. We next rushed into Nate's bedroom. The partition wall had been ripped open for several square yards, and the wireless outfit was gone. They had got that, too.

"Home next," I gasped to Uncle Mart. "If you can't keep up, drop behind. I'm going to sprint."

I sprinted. If I ever ran in my life I ran then. And as I ran two cross-currents of purpose battled in my brain. And always, as they battled, a vision of the beautiful Pauline Frost stood out before me. A hundred times I cursed myself for a traitor and a coward. A hundred times I said to myself: "But it will be willful murder!"

I reached the front hall steps and sank down to get my breath. The storm had now died away, and the stars were showing here and there.

"Is that you, Harry?" my mother called down from the hall above. "I've been worried about you."

"Mother," I panted. "Come and help me into the library—quick!"

In a moment she was at my side. I was limp from fear of her life. I got to my feet again there was old Mart beside me. He had been only a little way behind. While we were resting there a hall I heard the 10:30 eastbound limited whistle for the crossing of the Smoky River Shortline. I remembered now hearing it whistle for the station, pull in and pull out again, as I ran. There came another hard dash of rain just as I stepped into the hall, a sort of parting shower.

I got into the library and switched on the light, and as I did so Nathan Wherry leaped into the room, white-faced and ghastly, and with one of those windows. He saw me reaching for the wireless controller switch behind a low hung picture and knew what I purposed.

"Don't, man!" he gasped. "It's murder! She's got it! For God's sake don't kill her!"

And for the life of me I could not force my hand to turn that indicator to the word "explode."

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* * *

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"You are very fond of using big words, Julius," said a gentleman to his negro servant.

"Yus, sah," answered Julius. "A friend of mine once saved his life by using a long word."

"How was that, Julius?"

"Well, you see, sah, he called me a prevaricator. If he'd called me a liar I'd have gone for him at once, but by the time I'd turned up the dictionar' to see what a prevaricator was he was fifty miles away."

* * *

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The Crawling Death

By Arthur Chapman

I AM writing this surrounded by cutthroats of all nationalities, in the midst of a Zapatista camp. I would not take the trouble to write it, except for the fact that a single point of honor has irritated me, like a thorn in the flesh, ever since my getaway across the border following the Desert Rose bank affair. I have heard that the people who were on my trail are holding me responsible for the death of Cimarron Doyle. The sheriff has been spreading the story that I killed Cimarron, just before the posse reached our camp, and made my escape alone with the money we had taken from the bank.

Now by all the rules of the game it shouldn't make much difference what people think about me. I was a bank robber and a desperado in general. Since I've been down here below the Rio Grande I've gone stark, staring mad in the quest for loot. I've known that it is to go gibbering crazy in a town we've been taking. I've seen men fall by dozens, and I've dashed up blood-splotched streets, where every 'dobe house has held its batch of dead, and have heard the bullets whistle about me, but have never been hit. I've laughed and shrieked in frenzy as I've leaped over bodies, thinking that every jump would be my last, and that a bullet would surely hit me some time or other, but always I've come thru without a scratch, until even the old man thinks there is some evil charm about me, and he, like the scum about him, is afraid of me deep down in his heart. I've had loot till I'm sick of it. The bank robberies up above have been made to look like child's play when it comes to returns. But I wouldn't follow the game an hour for the fun's sake alone. It's the feverish excitement of the charge and the firing and the whistle of bullets, and the chance of receiving the final blow that will end it all. I've been captured and herded with big brawny men who have lost their nerve completely, like the Englishman who moaned: "Take me home—take me home!" till the very mildness he was led out and shot. I've escaped prison fever and worse. I've cursed my attendants, thinking they'd kill me without trial, but they've shrunk back and let me alone, and somehow I would always make my escape later on.

I don't care when death comes, or how, but I can't go on leaving that thing unexplained back there. I don't think I can't have white folks thinking I killed Cimarron Doyle like a coward out there in that box, blister-reaching desert. There are things aplenty for me to answer for, but if I ever meet Cimarron Doyle again he'll put the same old grip into his handshake, because, wherever he is, he knows it was not any duplicity on my part, but a horrible, almost unbelievable fate of fate which prevented him from getting across the border with me.

We had done half a dozen bank jobs, Cimarron Doyle and I, but for ease and quick returns, and uninterrupted departure with the cash, the Desert Rose affair beat them all. In fact, it was almost too easy. We both commented on it. The thing worked out just like a problem in the front part of a beginner's arithmetic.

We had it planned that Cimarron was to enter the bank about noon, when the cashier was out, and pretend to be a cattleman wanting a mortgage on a bunch of steers. We were a little doubtful of that cashier. He was built on the plan of an attenuated whisper, but Cimarron was sure he had nerve. So we were to wait until the cashier had gone to dinner, and an assistant had taken his place. Then the big show was to be staged. Cimarron was to go to the window and start his talking. While the assistant was trying to direct him to the right window, I was to be sizing matters up outside. If things looked promising, I was to whistle, and Cimarron was to discover suddenly that he had got into the wrong bank and was to come out. But if things looked good to me on the outside and to Cimarron on the inside, a gun was to be shoved under on the cashier's assistant, with a demand for all the money in the case.

* * *

"It worked too easy!" said Cimarron to me, as we eased our horses after the first, hard run. "I'm afraid we'll have to speak to that young fellow but once. I tossed in the gunnysack, and he swept the gold and silver and currency in, it just like he'd rehearsed it all before. I could hardly help laughing at the expression on every face I took in as I backed to the door, with the gunnysack in one hand and a gun in the other."

"And you looked some funny to me when you come backing out of that bank," I said, "and then stood for the life that you took twenty minutes to back from the cashier's window to the door. There was a time there when I didn't the Desert Rose to stroll past that bank, it looked like, but nobody but a dishwasher-size man would be in a bad fix than his clothes when I motioned him back with my gun."

"It was too easy—too easy!" Cimarron kept saying, while we got off at a ford and loosened our cinches and gave our horses water. "I don't like it. I've had ending to this thing, sure enough! We've always had to shoot to scare somebody, or to make a getaway, but ever whenever we've pulled off a job like this before, but this has worked from the start as if it couldn't help it. I don't believe anybody's on our trail, even yet. It's working out too well at the start, Red. Look out for the bad ending."

But I couldn't see anything to croak about, not having Cimarron's streak of superstition, and things kept on getting easier and slicker for us. We throwed the sheriff's posse off at that first crossing. We just rode our horses down into the creek, and I hear they didn't catch the trail again for two days. There never was a country we rode thru but we got watering job. We slept that night in the desert, just a day and a half from the border, and we never slumbered more peaceful-like in our lives. We had grub in plenty in our saddle pockets. Also we had some canteens and two big canteens of water. We struck a fairly good water-hole, so the horses were all right.

Casting things up, I couldn't see where we could have thought up a thing if a Fullman waiter had come in front of us and asked what we would have to make us more comfortable. Plenty of grub, and no chance for a thirst, and waking up in the morning to a good night's snooze on blankets spread on the soft sand of the desert—what more does a man want? Nothing more but money, and that we had in plenty—fifteen good, complete thousand dollars of it in greenbacks and gold thrust into the gunnysack tied to my saddle-horn. It just happened to be tied to my saddle because Cimarron had handed it to me when he had come backing from that bank door to the ponies. I'd have tossed it to him in the same way if we had changed places on the job. We've handled more than that many a time, old Cimarron and me, and there wasn't any of that I'm-watching-you-out-of-the-corner-of-my-eye business between us. One of us carried the coin for a spell a good night's labor, in such a case, until he got tired, and then he tossed them over to the other. We'd divide up every day for a week, and maybe not for a month, and maybe not for six months, if we got scattered, but we'd always divide in the end. That's how Cimarron Doyle and Red Arrowsmith trusted each other; yet now they're enemies. I can't see it getting old if the yapping of coyotes disturbs me so.

If we'd kept going that morning we'd have been all right. Not that there was anything to fear from the posse. We knew the sheriff—his ignorance and his cowardice—and the fear of what he might do never entered our hearts. We could hardly be blamed for not pushing on as we should have. It was a typical summer morning in the big sands. The sun had shot up above the horizon as if some kid had yanked it with a string. The birds were fluttering about camp, having a merry squabble over the last big pancake which Cimarron had tossed them. I was feeding a horned toad I had caught—a cute little fellow whose kind has done me many a service in the desert by keeping flies out of my grub box. We had agreed to loaf there half a day, our excuse being that we should get the horses in fine shape for the last run across the border. Cimarron sprawled out in his blankets in the shade of a rock and went to sleep. His hat was off, his throat and chest were bare, and he had kicked off his shoes. His sleeves were rolled up, showing his big arms, and he looked the picture of the outdoor man's kind of contentment.

I took both horses down to the water-hole, just around a little hummock of sand. While they drank, I sat down and smoked a cigarette and, feeling sleepy, I wrapped the picket ropes around my arm and rolled back and dropped into a doze.

I was awakened by a hard pull on the ropes and a wild yell from Cimarron. The horses were already around in a mild sort of alarm. If they'd have got more than a hint of the real fright that was to follow, they'd have dragged me half a mile out in the desert before I could have got free. But they were just beginning to make something wrong. I went up the picket ropes, hand over hand, and soothed the beasts a little and tightened a cinch and slid into one of the saddles. If there was any trouble on our trail, Cimarron and I always made it a rule never to unsaddle.

As I rode back toward camp, leading the other horse, I didn't hear anything more from Cimarron. Everything seemed as quiet and peaceful as ever, and I thought I must have dreamed that one yell. But there was a pricking at the back of my neck, and the horses were sniffing uneasily. A big fear was on us, man and beast.

When I came in sight of the camp, there was Cimarron, staggering around in the sand and clawing at himself and falling down. He would get and walk a few feet, and then down he would go again, always clawing madly. I jumped out of the saddle and started toward him, hanging on to the picket ropes. Just something in his actions made me stop. I could see that he had torn his shirt to ribbons, and his shoulders and back and arms were bare. He leaped wildly in the air and struck at himself as if attacked by a swarm of bees. I called to him, and he turned and ran a few steps toward me and then stopped.

"Get back, Red!" he yelled. "Don't come any nearer to me, or you'll be a dead man, like I am. Get out as fast as you can. A tarantula colony is moving. It happened to the desert since part in fast family hegiras at certain times. I have seen colonies of prairie dogs moving solemnly across the plains, hunting a new location. I had heard an old prospector tell of a tarantula colony moving, and how he had got off death by building a circle of fire about his camp, but

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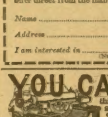

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I never more than half believed his tale.
Now as I stepped toward Cimarron,
who was face down on the ground, I was
halted by the approach of a living line
of gray and black. It crept along like
the edge of a lava wave down a moun-
tainside, covering each stone and part-
ing at every bit of sagebrush, only to
close in again on the other side. I
called to Cimarron, but there was no an-
swer. There was only a big gap in the
desert where he had lain—a long hum-
mock that quivered with life which was
not human.

Then the horses nearly had me down.
They had caught sight of the advancing
edge of the tarantula wave. They danced
at the ends of the picket ropes, wild with
terror. It was fully a minute before I
could get near enough to one of the
animals to swing into the saddle. Never
in my life had I mounted in such a
sweat of terror, the scores of times I
have had to quiet plunging horses and
climb into saddle leather when under
fire. The gold in the pockets under the
saddle-horn clinked as I rode
away, but it brought no satisfac-
tion to me. In a week I had spent it
gaming across the border. It was my
only way of forgetting Cimarron Doyle,
face down in the sand and covered with
that shifting, moving blanket.

Many a night in the outlaws' camp I
have narrowly escaped being shot be-
cause I have started up in my blankets,
loudly calling to Cimarron and pointing
wildly at the crawling death which is
always coming upon me in my dreams.
The other day a Mexican lieutenant,
with whom I was discussing some bat-
tle plans in the chief's tent, brushed a
tiny spider from my shoulder and
crushed it on the table. He laughed long
and loud, as I jumped to my feet, white
and shaking, staring like a madman at
that kicking, struggling insect.

He had never seen the crawling death,
that was all!

* * *

BLESSING.

At night I sit beside the hearth
And watch the growing sod;
I tell my beads and say a name
That's known to me and God.

That's surely known to me and God,
For every night and day
I call a blessing on the one
That travels far away.

That travels far away itself
To earn a stranger's gold.
May God's love be a mantle now
To shield him from the cold.

To shield him from the bitter cold
And from a bitter tongue;
It's harsh and strange are foreign lands
To one that's soft and young.

To one whose heart is hot and young
The thought of home is dear.
Oh, Heart of Christ, shield him I love
And hold him warm and near.

Hold him that travels warm and near
And keep his spirit white;
Be safety to him in the day
And shelter thru the night.

Be shelter thru the long, dark night
Wherever he may be,
Send thoughts of Ireland to his dreams
And keep him true to me.

SEVEN AGES OF WOMEN.

Each woman in her time plays many parts:
The infant, first, who rules while yet in arms,
And practices on all resistless arts,
Subduing sages with her potent charms.

The schoolgirl next, a roguish, wee co-
quette,
Each fool boy taming with a tender glance;
His hard learned lessons doth he then forget
And he is thrashed for dabbling in romance.

Then the young miss, with skirts of
quelling length,
Dreaming most foolish dreams of
clothes and boys,
Dolls cast aside, all her ambition's
strength
Is aimed at parties and such social
joys.

Fourth, as the belle, with powder and
with paint
Bedizened, in magnificent array,
Besieged by suitors, she will make com-
plaint
Unless she breaks at least one heart a
day.

At last, surrendered, she becomes a bride.
Her triumph's zenith; her decline's
begun.
But most inexplicable is now her pride,
This queen of many, to be queen of
one.

Then comes the matron; family and home
Absorb her energies and loving care.
From her own hearthstone caring not to
roam,
She still finds life replete with treas-
ures rare.

Finis, the grandam. Shall one tell the
truth?
Sans—nothing that can purchased be of
men.
Now granny dear renews her frisky
youth
And thinks she will get married once
again!

* * *

FROM LUCILE'S DIARY.

"My people are all going to the country
tomorrow," said Felix Weston to me
last Thursday evening, when we were
out for a little motor ride. "I'm wonder-
ing what is to become of my pet crow."

"Oh, have you a crow?" I asked.
"What's his name?"

"Jimmy Of-Course."

"How interesting!"

"Yes, he makes life exceedingly inter-
esting," Felix laughed. "You know a
crow is an extremely active bird. I
brought him from the country this
spring and my sisters and I have had a
strenuous time raising him. We had to
be fed every hour in his babyhood. I
suppose now I shall have to send him to
board at a bird fancier's."

"Don't send him to a bird store," I
cried. "It would be awfully hard on
him to be shut in, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, but I don't see what else I can
do with the poor chap."

"Let me take him."

"I don't believe you know what you
are offering, Lucile. I couldn't think of
imposing Jimmy Of-Course upon you. I
realize now that his caws like a hint
sounded dangerously near a hint, but
they weren't so intended."

"I know that, but seriously I should
love to take Jimmy Of-Course. It would
be great fun to have a visit from a
crow."

"But he's fearfully full of mischief.
He might put you to a lot of bother."

I could see that Felix was weakening,
and as he is one of the pleasantest young
men I have met in a long while, I wished
to do him a favor, so I seriously insisted
upon taking care of the crow for him.
It was at last arranged that he should
bring his bird to me on the way
downtown the next morning. He ap-
peared so pleased and grateful that I
was quite glad to undertake the support
of the plan to keep Jimmy Of-Course.

When I went in that evening after our
drive I found that Ruth Richey had been
telephoning for me during a week at
Squirrel Inn, where she is passing a
month, and I decided to go early the
next morning. I was busy selecting the
gowns for Cousin Fanny to press with
the electric iron, which is such a com-
fort in this hasty departure that I
am very glad I gave her such a fine new
one on her last birthday. Then I had to
get mother to do a little packing for
me. With all that to look after and in
the excitement of packing, I quite forgot
to mention the crow until the next morn-
ing.

Just as I was driving off to the train
in David Robison's car, I remembered
about Jimmy Of-Course and called to
Cousin Fannie to ask her please to take
care of a bird that Mr. Weston was to
bring to me. I could not hear her an-
swer as we whirled away, but I felt no
anxiety about Jimmy Of-Course, for
Cousin Fannie is always wonderfully
kind to anything that comes under her
care.

I had been at Squirrel Inn only three
days when I received a telegram from
father. It said: "Come home at once
and dispose of your diabolical crow, or
I will wring its neck."

It was most unkind of father to send
me such a message. When after my ar-
rival home I reproached him, he said
that if the rules of the telegraph com-
pany had permitted he would have de-
scribed Jimmy Of-Course in much
stronger and more accurate language.

"That crow has driven us and
everybody in our neighborhood to dis-
traction," he said. "It was a nice thing,
I must say, for you to wish such a
charge on your Cousin Fannie. She
hasn't had a moment's peace since he
came. He has stolen thimbles, scissors
and embroidery cotton from every porch
in the neighborhood, carried off my
gold glasses and picked every flower in
our window boxes and all the tea roses
in the Humphries' garden. He has cov-
ered his feet with oil from the street and
carefully stepped on all the handker-
chiefs that have been spread on lawns in
the neighborhood to dry. He has done
everything that a totally depraved crow
could do in the way of ruining personal
liberty.

"But his greatest crime," went on
father, "this morning was yet to come.
He begins his raucous cawing before
dawn and stops only long enough to
swallow the food your Cousin Fannie
gives him at frequent intervals till our
breakfast time. There's hardly a per-
son in the neighborhood that I speak to
us except to anathematize the crow, and
no wonder, for every one is worn out
for want of sleep. I don't see why you
ever had him brought here."

"Because I wished to do a kindness,
daddy."

"If you want to do a kindness you can
ship the crow away and receive the
blessings of the whole town. That crow's
got to go, Lucile. That's the ultima-
tum."

There's never any use arguing with an
unreasonable person like father, so I
called up Felix and asked him to take
the crow off my hands. I was nat-
urally very mortifying to me, but no one
in our family ever seems to consider my
feelings.

* * *

School.

"How's that little boy of yours getting
along at school?" asked the grocer as his
best customer entered the store.

"Oh, he's all right now," said the cus-
tomer, rubbing his hands before the
stove. "The trouble was in getting him
started. I didn't take him to school the
opening day, but my wife did, and this is
what happened.

"In the morning Freddie was given a
nice clean suit of clothes, bright new
shoes, a shiny penny, and a brilliant red
tie. Then his mother took him by the
hand and escorted him to the school
building. They entered the building, and
went into the room where they regis-
tered. At the door Freddie revolted.
He loved to look at the school from the
outside, but inside was no place for him.
The first thing he knew Freddie
had eluded her; then she saw his little
legs speeding down the hallway, bound
for the door and the street.

"My wife started after him, but as
she was out of training he reached goal.
When she came to the door Freddie was
standing on the opposite side of the
street, gazing fearfully toward the en-
trance. When she came into view he
retreated behind a tree. However, this
wasn't big enough to hide him, and he
hurried around the corner and hid him-
self behind a billboard.

"But his mother was a relentless pur-
suer, and she drove him from one hiding
place to another, and at all these
strategic moves were accompanied by
vocal exertions by both interested parties.
Freddie was very fearful to surren-
render lest he be taken to the hated den
of learning.

"How did it turn out?" asked the
grocer.

"Well, after she had been chasing him
for half an hour, and he became afraid
the neighbors would shoo the police on
her, so she told Freddie that she would
take him home. Then he permitted him-
self to be captured."

"And now?"

"Now? Why, you can't drag him away
from the school building. My wife nev-
ers herself sick now wondering why he
doesn't come home."

* * *

The Verdict

"In Denver," says a member of the
bar, "a large, fat man was suing a little,
skeleton-like man for $1,000 and a bad,
hacking cough.

"The case had been given to the jury,
which had been out half an hour. On
the evidence and the instructions the big
man had won the case. The jury was
called and filed into the courtroom.

"'Have you reached a verdict?' asked
the judge.

"'No, your honor,' said the foreman.
'We only want to know which is the de-
fendant and which is the plaintiff?'

"The large man sitting over there is
the plaintiff, and the small man here is
the defendant,' replied the judge.

"The jury filed back to the jury-room.
In a few minutes they signaled that they
had reached a verdict. The judge re-
ceived it and read:

"'We, the jury, find for the man with
consumption.'"

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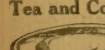

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Among the Coyotes.

(Continued From Page 4.)

turned back toward the corral. Five minutes later he had readdled his horse and was on his way down the road that led to town.

"You ain't goin' to leave already, are you?" a man called out, as he passed the bunkhouse; and the ranger nodded.

"Yes," he replied, "I've got a date in town early in the morning, and this will be a pretty, moonlight night. So long, boys!" Touching his horse with the spurs, he loped away from the ranch.

Half a mile farther on, however, at the foot of a little depression, he pulled his horse down to a walk and turned off the road in the direction of the mountains. He had not and never had had the slightest intention of going to town. Instead, he was going back into the mountains again to revisit the gully and test a theory he had evolved while listening to the conversation in the cookhouse. For some time he had not been able to get two or three very disquieting thoughts out of his head and he knew that he could never sleep tranquilly until he did so.

Now that his stomach was full once more the thought of the long after-dark ride did not cause him any uneasiness. The moon was already rising, and for most of the way the trail was good, while Corbin knew the mountains far better than many city men know their own back yards. He felt sure that Pennock and the men would not miss him time be with him would wait until the following dawn before attempting to move either the cattle or the stolen herder, and they would undoubtedly camp in the gully over night. Already the young detective had brought up a little scheme that would prove or disprove his theory, and he was itching to put it into execution.

All the way up the steep trail, which he was forced to negotiate at a slow walk, the ranger amused himself by and to all the digesting an extremely good joke. But his smiles did not interfere with the working of his brain. He came rather as a result of his thoughts He had known Dan Pennock more or less for a number of years, and he had never liked the man, altho until very recently he had known nothing definite against him. At that very moment, however, acting in his joint capacity of forest ranger and deputy sheriff, he had in his possession evidence that proved that the taciturn foreman had been robbing his employer for some time. In fact, had it not been for the more serious matter of Walker's murder, Corbin would probably have served a warrant on Pennock when he met him that morning; but at the time he had figured that a little delay would do no harm, since the foreman did not guess that his stealing had been detected.

In common with a number of wealthy landowners of that region, Marshall Todd did not live at his ranch. He preferred instead to dwell in the city and run his sheep interests thru the medium of a foreman, who acted as his mouthpiece and who was of necessity vested with considerable authority—a situation in which a clever, unscrupulous man like Dan Pennock could find many means of personal profit.

Two months before the local forestry department had received a letter from Marshall Todd, asking why he was charged so heavily for his use of the forest reserve pasture. Letters had passed back and forth, and it had suddenly become plain to both Todd and the department that some one was padding the reports sent in to the former, and thereby tricking him out of a large sum of money each year. Under the circumstances, this some one could be none other than Pennock, and Frank Corbin had received orders to straighten things out.

Knowing all this, the ranger, when he heard what the men at the ranch had to say, saw several very good reasons for connecting the foreman with the murder. What might, for instance, have discovered something wrong when he helped Pennock with the accounts, and Pennock, knowing this, had put him out of the way in such a manner as to cast suspicion on the cattleman, in his own mind, Corbin felt fairly sure that this theory would hold water and he meant to prove it without delay, for by a method as simple as it was ingenious.

It was midnight when the ranger reached the lower part of the gully a few hundred yards below the sheep camp, and tied his horse to a convenient tree. All around him in the darkness of the timber coyotes were making a din that could be heard for miles, altho none of the beasts dared expose itself in the open or approach the sheep now that the woolly creatures were once more under the protection of dogs. Creeping forward with the stealth of a red Indian, Corbin maneuvered until he could make out the dark outlines of the wagon, and farther on the dying embers of a small fire with three dark figures lying near it. As he had hoped, Pennock and his men were asleep—they were too well used to coyote howling to pay any attention to it—for the complete success of his plan lay in his being able to do several things without awakening them. That he stood a slight chance of being shot on suspicion should any of the trio awake and discover him snooping about at such an hour he realized fully, but he took this chance gladly.

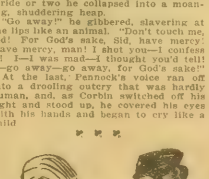
Moving slowly and silently and keeping to the shadows as far as possible, he finally managed to reach the wagon without disturbing anything but a grazing horse, which looked at him in alarm for an instant, then recognized a man and went on feeding. In the wagon, as Corbin had guessed, lay the body of the herder wrapped in a blanket; and the ranger uncovered it and gently lowered it to the ground as easily as if its weight had been next to nothing. His feet making no sound in the thick grass, he carried the dead man to a point less than half a dozen paces from the sleepers and propped him in a sitting position against a convenient rock. Then he wormed his way backward and peered into the faces of the sleeping men until he recognized Pennock.

Then he hurried back to the body again he turned the dead, staring face so that it looked squarely in the direction of the foreman's camp, and saw that his stage was all set and that nothing remained for him to do now except raise the curtain. He waited a little to one side and took a small-tho powerful electric torch from his pocket. Holding the torch so that its white light focused directly on the horribly swollen features and wide-open eyes of the dead herder, while everything else was dark, he crouched down and flipped a small pebble into Pennock's face.

Rubbing his eyes sleepily and grumbling at his rude awakening, the lanky foreman sat up and glared about him, instantly to freeze into a statue and horrified terror as his eyes fell on the glowing face of the herder. For the fraction of a second, while Corbin almost held his breath, Pennock stared at the terrible sight; then he gave utterance to that made the ranger shiver in spite of himself and brought the sleeping ranch hands to their feet in a wide leap, he sprang clear of his blanket and tried to run. But his long legs seemed to have lost their last bit of strength at each stride or two he collapsed into a moaning, shuddering heap.

"Go away!" he slobbered, slavering at the lips like an animal. "Don't touch me, Sid! For God's sake, Sid, have mercy! Have mercy, man! I didn't—you—I couldn't! I—I was mad—I thought you'd tell! I—go away—go away, for God's sake!"

At the end Pennock's voice sank into a drooling outcry that was hardly human, and, as Corbin switched off his light and stood up, he covered his eyes with his hands and began to cry like a child.



He—"I'm sorry your brother is ill. What did the telegram say?"

She—"Just that he was afraid he's dying. His handwriting is so changed I'd never know it at all."

COMPLICATIONS.

"Well," began the father of the family, as he shook out his dinner napkin, "how is the dancing class going? Are you learning all the new steps?"

"I guess so," Caroline admitted gingerly. "It's swell!"

"Gee!" said her brother. "I just hate the old class!"

"What's the trouble?" their father inquired.

"Oh," Caroline piped up happily, "he's mad because Bunny danced with his girl all last time, and—"

"No such thing, tattletale!" protested that young man. "I guess I don't care anything about that stuckup Hallie Hiles! I guess I wouldn't notice her if there wasn't hardly any other girl on earth! I guess there's more'n a million times for all I care! You needn't be so smart!"

"Tut, tut," reproved his father. "If she isn't your girl how did you know which one Caroline meant? Appearances are against you, Edward! The best way to clear your character am I should regret knowing that your affections were becoming entangled——"

"Aw," the boy broke out, red-faced, "Caroline needn't talk! She has an awful case on Larry Jones, and he don't give two cents for her!"

"He danced with me more'n with any one else," Caroline came back calmly "if he'll dance with me I don't care whether he gives two cents for me or not, do I?"

"There!" cried her father to the abashed Edward. "I trust this glimpse of feminine reasoning will teach you something, my son! It may keep you from big-headedness when some fair lad smiles on you!"

"I don't know whacha talking about!" protested Edward, huffily. "Anyhow, I don't see what Caroline likes about Larry, for he's a punk dancer."

"He isn't!" Caroline defended. "Not when you get used to him, as I have! What his legs are queer! They was terrible below the knees and lag behind the upper part of him! You can't help dancing a little queer if your feet are two or three steps behind you!"

"Huh!" jeered her brother. "I'd pick out some one else to have a case on then if I was a girl! Why don't you take Pinhead Warble? All the girls are crazy about him because he looks like a picture in a magazine—but, anyhow, he wouldn't look at you!"

"Pinhead!" hissed Caroline. "Him! He doesn't dance a bit better than Larry! His legs wabble, too; only they cave in at the knees something awful, and he's so tall you're afraid he's going to shut up like a jackknife! I know, because Susie told me it made her so nervous she never could have stuck it out, only she knew the new girl was jealous of her and she couldn't let her get a chance at Pinhead!"

"These social complications are distracting," their father mourned. "I can't seem to get them straight. Aren't there any young gentlemen in the class with full command of their limbs?"

"Gee! You ought to see Bill do the high jump!" cried his son. "He's athletic, all right! We piled up all the girl's cloaks on a chair in the dressing-room, when they were dancing the Tu-Tao, and Bill he jumped clear over the whole lot!"

"Then that's where my vanity box got smashed!" shrieked his sister. "In a fury. "And Susie's white fur was all mussed up and grimy! I'll tell the teacher on you!"

She'd take your powder box away from you!" reminded her brother. "You don't dare. You're just mad because I told you were stuck on Larry!"

"I have got a dreadful case on him," said Caroline, surprisingly complacent. "I proceed herself. I asked me for four dances at the next party—so there, smarty!"

"Ow-w-w!" Edward was momentarily breathless. Then he rallied. "Betcha Pinhead won't ask you, or any one else!"

"Hallie Hiles told me something," his sister said absently to the atmosphere. Edward wriggled in his chair.

"Say," he offered beguilingly. "Honest, I didn't mean anything—what I said about Larry. His legs don't wabble so awful bad. Wh-what did Hallie say?"

"Said she was saving three dances for you," Caroline told him between spoonfuls.

"Gee!" Edward gasped ecstatically. "Did she, honest?"

"I take it," their father remarked, "that the dancing class, a dancing class, leaves nothing whatever to be desired in the way of progress!"

"I guess so," said Caroline and the brother, agreeably.

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"BEN BOLT"---The Kid That You Were Yourself.

War Correspondent—"Any news from the front?"

General (hurrying by)—"None whatever, except that the front is now the rear."

No Chance at All.

A suffragist doing picket duty on election day in New York City was remonstrated with for her mistaken views by a polite but determined Irishman. Equal suffrage spelled calamity to Pat in the immediate appointment of women judges thruout the country. The suffragist attempted to reassure him that appointments to the bench would continue to be made on the basis of fitness and ability, in case of either man or woman, sibling.

"Why shouldn't the judge be a woman if she were fitted for it?"

"Aw, lady," said Pat, "now physical chance de yes think a man would stand for wife-loafin' before a lady judge?"

COL. SOOZER TALKS.

My Countrymen, ahoy:
That what makes high prices
Is cheap money
Then I ast him: "If money's so cheap,
Why ain't my wages it?
"Long with other commodities!"
And he says: "You don't understand
Political economy."
"Besides—he goes on
"Demand, owin' to the war,
Outstrips supply. There ain't enough
Goods to go round."
"Well, then," I tell me why
Fruit rotted on the trees
And vegetables in the ground, last
season,
Whilst I was payin' robbery prices
In the city
And he says: 'You're a boneshead'"
And I reckon I am—
I fetched him.

Had Another Doctor.

Among the patients in a certain hospital there was one disposed to take a dark view of his chances of recovery.

"Cheer up, old man, admonished the youthful medico attached to the ward wherein the patient lay. "Your symptoms are identical with those of my own case four years ago. It was just as ill as you are. Look at me now."

The patient ran his eyes over the physician's stalwart frame.

"Say, but what doctor did you have?" he finally asked, feebly.

The Auto Courtship.

"I shall win you at all costs," declared the gallant youth.

A statement like that has the ring of sincerity" replied the practical girl, who is also fond of motoring

"I'm glad you think so."

"Yes. Particularly just now, when gasoline is so high."

Mrs. Homebody—Did you match that piece of mouse-colored velvet for me?" Her Husband—No, my dear. You forgot to give me the mouse."

Wanted to See the Pictures.

An Irishman who had been a regular movie goer in Dublin before he went into the trenches in France was wounded by the bursting of a German shell and his was brought to the main hospital in Paris, where experts took a number of X-ray photographs of the wounds in his chest.

The first rational words that Pat spoke to the nurse, after recovering from the delirium which followed his operations, were:

"Where be they goin' to show thim movin' pichers the- took av me insides

Wanted No Repetition.

In Cleveland they tell a story of a boy who left school to work for a small manufacturer. The boy was dull and his stupidity annoyed his employer greatly. So, after a week's trial, he was discharged.

"Get your pay," said the manufacturer to him on Saturday, "and let that be the last time you're discharged."

It was, therefore, with great surprise that the manufacturer saw the boy at work in his former place on Monday morning.

"What are you doing in this shop?" demanded the manufacturer angrily. "I discharged you Saturday."

"Yes," said the boy, "and don't you do it again. When I told my mother she licked me."

Helping Teacher.

The woman advanced ominously. "Are you the new teacher that tore Henry's shirt?"

"Yes."

"What did you do it for?"

"Because Henry was naughty and wouldn't behave. To make him listen to me I took him by the collar, and he broke away."

The woman swung the ball bat toward the teacher. "Next time he don't behave," she said, "you hit him with this."

"Here's a story which says the heroine clutched him with a look."

"I s'pose her gown was on tight that she couldn't trust herself to speak, eh?"

What Was Needed.

When any young woman of Springs Corners attempted to coquette with Elisha Biggs, or to draw a compliment from him, she was sure to have "uphill work."

"My brother Tom has a sore throat, he's had it for nearly a week," said a damsel whom Elisha was solemnly escorting home from the social evening. "If it hadn't been for that," she added, with a sidelong glance under her lashes toward Mr. Biggs' impassive features, "I'd not have had to trouble you to see me home, Mr. Boggs."

"What we need in this town," said Mr. Boggs, "is another doctor and a sprayer one. The way trifling little ails linger on under easy Tom closes is enough to drive folks crazy."

Easily Explained.

Some time ago a countryman went to the parish priest and told him that he had seen a ghost at the wall near the church gate. The clergyman only laughed at him and said:

"What shape was it in?"

"It was for all the world like an ass, sir."

"Go home, my man," said the clergyman. "You must have been afraid of your own shadow when you saw it on the wall."

Would Have No Other.

The vicar of a certain parish stopped an aged parishioner and congratulated him on his approaching marriage.

"I am sorry," he added, "that a prior engagement will prevent me from performing the ceremony on Tuesday, but with no doubt my curate will do just as well."

"Oh, now! o' t' soort!" ejaculated the old fellow. "That be 'anged for a tale! Mesho, now, 'ood be at liberty on Wednesday, but—"

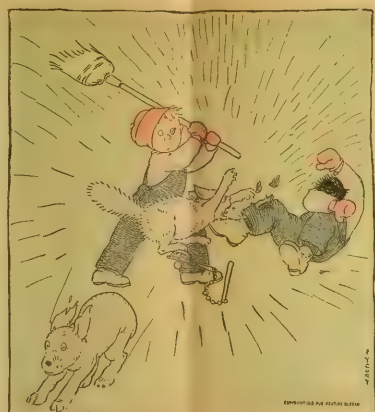
"Well," was the reply, "I certainly shall be free on Wednesday, but—"

"Then Wednesday it is," went on the prospective bridegroom. "Just make a note on it, parson."

But surely," protested the vicar, "you'll never postpone the wedding for twenty-four hours—"

"A'd postpone it for twenty-four year if necessary," came the firm reply, "Tow're alius done this job for me an' you alius will as lone as A've live."

Then the vicar remembered that the old fellow had been three times gravely unsty married.



Don't you remember the trap, Ben Bolt?
The trap that you set for big game?
While extracting the cat we had a fierce spat
And she never again mixed time.

Wouldn't Remember the Same.

At a council meeting a member said a person could not enjoy or even discriminate between drinks in the dark.

A bailie offered to bet that blindfolded he could name any drink given him.

The bet was accepted and an adjournment was made.

The bailie was blindfolded and the test began. He drank everything submitted, smacked his lips, and correctly named it, until the toker was down to dregs.

"It's him with water," whispered a member, and the bluff was taken.

Sip, smack, sip, a shake of the head. "I canna just mind the name o' this but I mind o' tastin' it whin I was a wee laddie!"

Sluggish.

In the course of a reading lesson a maiden received a wrong answer from one of his pupils, the question being: "Was nervousness in the boiler room" and occurred the passage: "The majority of the rivers in Russia are sluggish in their course."

Pointing to the boy who had read, the master said

"What is meant by a river's being sluggish."

"Why, sir," replied the lad, "it means that it likes to stick to its bed."

First Poet—"Are you writing much now, Adolphus?"

Second Poet—"No, Rufus, no! I'm running a chicken farm now and write only ten hours a day."

Where He Gave Up.

"Do you think you can keep my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?"

"I believe so."

"She has most expensive tastes

"I understand that, and yet I feel that I could make her happy.

"She always selects the costliest hats and dresses

"I shall be pleased to pay her costumers' bills."

"She has always insisted on the newest model of motor car

"And you still feel that you can afford to keep her?"

"I do."

"Then perhaps I had better warn you that she is accustomed to 'next price a day.'"

"I'm willing," stammered the young man "I can't call that last bluff

Makes a Difference.

"Do you mean to tell me that it is cheaper to keep a fourth cat than a horse?"

"I find it so."

"You will pardon me, but I can hardly believe you."

"I used to bet on the horse I owned."

LIMITATIONS OF AGE.

The other night when me an' Jim
Was watchin' our gray hairs t' see
The which was oldest, me or him.
An' limbered an' sprysest, he
Just frogged a six foot three foot high
An' broke his wishbone mightin high!

Says I, thought I had more sense
Than ever try t' foller him;
Thinks I: "Well, dumb the consequence,
I'm jist as part an' spry as Jim!"
I hitched my coat an' spit an' then
I frogged that tie post back again!

But, law, it touched that wound of his
He got the time the army war!
An' me—I got the roomatiz
Like what sich foolin' alius does!
An' now we two ol' fools can see
We're older than we used t' be!

Cunnution.

Law Professor—State briefly two grounds for divorce."

Student—Flinny income and limousine wife."—Judge.

SAINTS.

We dig our graves with our noses
Most of us bury ourselves alive
Ill, here, buries his nose in a book,
Hers proboscis burrows into snort ex
tra
Tom is a money grubber, as deep in his
grave
That only his heels stick out
Do you see those French slippers
And those silk stad dents
Mary's nose followed her nose
Jane is reading
Burying herself in herself
Some casket
We all seem to be rooting, rooting
Chasing a bug
That wouldn't be worth a hoot
If we got it
Suppose we back out
And live?

A Kind Offer.

One day while Larry Harris was out in the country he noticed a neighbor he disliked in need of some lubricating oil for his engine. He came to the farmhouse where a small boy was playing.

"Bob, he called, "run in and ask your mother if she has any lubricating oil—or castor oil will do if she has that."

Soon the lad returned and announced "Ma ain't got no castor oil or nothin', but she said if you would wait a few minutes she would fix you up a dose of salts

The Peacemaker.

"I'd not have to make peace between those two men who are always quarreling."

"With what result?"

"Each seemed to regret that he wasn't too busy with the other to turn in and give me a fight on my own account

Mrs. Hooper (reminiscently)—"Did you expect me to accept you the night you proposed?"

Mr. Henpeck—"Yes. It was Friday night, the thirteenth of the month. Your apartment was No. 13, on the thirteenth floor, and the elevator boy who took me up was cross-eyed."

The Mad Struggle.

An oldish man, having an apple stand, had reared, unmarried by a hungry looking cuss, who gazed

Says, sin't you goin' to simmo an apple?

"I'll give you the station first" was the gruff reply.

"Just because we do you' All right, my old buzzard! I'll stand right here for the next hour and tell everybody that you spit on your apples and then burnish em on your greasy old coat sleeve' We'll see will come out ahead in the mad struggle.

The boy did, as he got his apple in five seconds.

Country Reporter—"That southern Illinois doctor has just been killed in that shooting affray at Podunk."

"Counts Podunk in Illinois?" exclaimed fellow townsman, William Sprigle, sneering. "Why, it's in Kentucky."

Bill paid his subscription yesterday.

Giving the Hen a Job.

Not far from Bath a certain villager went to a lady who kept poultry to purchase a setting of eggs. The lady, not having many on hand, inquired:

"Have you got your broody hen well, only replied the villager "but our old hen has broken her leg, and I thought she might as well spend her time hatching out some eggs as sit about doing nothing."

He Guessed Right.

A man rushed to the entrance of a lunatic asylum in the middle of the night and called to the keeper to let him in.

"Let me in!" he cried. "I have suddenly gone insane."

The keeper woke up, thrust his head out of a first-story window and bellowed down in a rage.

What! Come here at this time of night" Man, you must be crazy."

HIS RUBBER HOSE TRICK

Colonel Wade's Daughter

Or, The Stolen Birthright

By Marquis James

[Copyright 1917 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

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CHAPTER XX.

HENRI THIBIDOUX was roused from his malevolent reverie by Eloise's scream, as his sister staggered across the threshold at the head of the main stairway in Wade Hall. He leaped to his feet, rushed to the head of the stairs and peered below.

"Who's there?" he demanded.

"It is I," came the exhausted voice of Eloise.

"So?" he cried. "And where is the girl?"

"Bon Dieu! Henri, don't tell me ——"

"She is gone," he supplemented, as his sister's voice failed her. "A fine piece of work, indeed!" he added grimly.

With an inarticulate scream the woman collapsed at the foot of the stairs. Thibidoux hurried down the steps and to her side.

"Come, come!" he urged gruffly, laying one hand none too gently on her shoulder. "I've had enough of your theatrics for one night."

He made to lift her to her feet, but she shrank from him.

"You do not mean the girl is gone?" she gasped, unbelievingly; "that she is not—not in this house?"

"Exactly. What have you done with her?"

"You dare accuse me, sir!" Eloise's voice rang as of old.

Needless. You convict yourself."

Henri, let us understand each other. You speak in riddles. You say the girl has disappeared. In the same breath you insinuate I have participated in her escape."

We understand each other very well, all considered."

"For your own purposes you presume a great deal," returned Eloise. She arose with effort and began to ascend the stairs, leaning heavily on the banister.

"Where are you going?"

"You have no right to ask," retorted the woman. "This is my house."

With a single bound Henri placed himself at his sister's side, and with his arm barred her further progress.

"But I do ask," he threatened, "and I demand to know."

"I am going to ascertain the truth of what you have said. Frankly, I cannot believe you," she replied, not pressing further the issue raised.

In her room she obtained a candle and proceeded up the stairway to the attic. Thibidoux trailed behind.

"Mon Dieu, Henri!" she cried. "It's true!"

The lighted taper slipped from her grasp as she beheld the vacant room, door ajar, which had served as Patrice's cell.

"If these melodramatics relieve you, keep them up," cut in her brother, as he retrieved the candle. "But you need not burn the house down—even if it is yours."

Eloise was without words for reply. She stood as tho rooted to the floor, staring dumbly and bewilderedly at the empty room.

"Very creditably enacted," sneered Henri. "But come, I do not propose to spend the night here."

He turned on his heel and started down the stairway. His sister followed. She passed along the hall and made to enter her room, but Henri restrained her.

"The time has come," said he, "for an end to trifling. There must be a showdown—now." There was surely emphasis on the last word.

"I am not conversant," replied Eloise, "with the slang of the moment. What do you mean?" She could not believe that Henri was not perpetrating a deception with regard to the girl's whereabouts.

"I mean," growled Thibidoux, "that you and I are going to have this matter out now."

"Come in here if you wish to speak to me," replied Eloise.

She entered her chamber and dropped into a large chair. Henri drew up a straight-backed chair and faced his sister.

"Eloise," he began sternly, in the manner of a lawyer about to cross-examine, or cow a witness, "the time for temporising is past."

"Go on," said Eloise, her lips quivering.

"I may as well tell you in the beginning that I mean to deal with all firmness in this matter. You answer my questions. What did you do with the girl?"

"Henri, I—I——" the woman began bravely, but her voice broke on the first syllable. "You accuse me," she sobbed.

"No answers, please."

"But Henri, my brother——"

"Answer! Where is the girl?"

Thibidoux hissed the words between his clinched teeth, as he thrust his menacing jaw into his sister's face.

"I do not know!" shrieked Eloise, closing her eyes to escape the spectacle of Henri's rage-livid features.

"You lie!"

"Henri, I am your sister."

The naked accusation roused the old fire in her heart. Like the voice of conscience rang her words. Thibidoux recoiled, not unafraid.

"Then, since you are disposed to parry phrases, where was the girl when you last saw her?" Henri, straightening in his chair again, "that is, after you removed her from the room upstairs?"

"I did not remove her from upstairs," Eloise replied. "Not until I saw it with my own eyes could I accept your story that she was gone."

"I cannot believe you."

"What I say is true, I swear it," affirmed Eloise, solemnly. "Henri, will you give me a few words?"

"Proceed."

"Henri, let us drop this whole business. It is driving me mad. It——"

"What! You are mad now to talk like that!"

"Not at all."

"But our years of effort and struggle. Are they to come to naught on the very eve of success?"

"I well know what you want," his sister flashed. "It's money, money, money! it's enough to drive one mad. But listen to me and you shall have it. I give you my word—you shall have it. I will sell my diamonds, and there are thousands in that box which I know much you know better than I do. Take it! Take it! Henri, you shall have all you want, only let us drop this dreadful business. It isn't necessary. It's wicked, it's desperate, it's bound to be fatal! We'll all get away and hang for it. I have a premonition."

This speech left Thibidoux no longer doubting the hopeless alienation of his sister's mind.

"Give up the whole business?" he answered, in a patient effort to convince Eloise of her own irrationality. "Give it up, you say? Let the old man recover, and you resume the unbearable life with him at Wade Hall. Verily, this declaration falls to carry out your assertions of only a few hours ago. Then you were in a frenzy of passion over this new girl in the house. How are you to have a suitor and a husband, too?"

Eloise reddened.

"My house," she retorted, "is no more! He tricked me! He played me false!"

"And all this occurred since our last meeting. Well, well, I noticed something worth seeing by going off to bed so early."

A derisive laugh broke from Henri's lips. But in the midst of it his jaws closed with a steel trap. A fearful thought darted into his mind.

"God!" he gasped. "You have seen him, then. You have been playing me false!" he thundered. "Sturgis, that detective, was in this house or near it, as I suspected. And he did trick you. He got the girl!"

Eloise had buried her face in her hands.

"It's not so! It's not so!" she wailed stubbornly.

"Where were you just before you entered the house? You had not been in your room for an hour that I know of. Sturgis was in the house. He acted on acting on intuition. The girl was gone, also."

A smothered sob was the only reply.

"Ah, getting to the pith of it at last," observed Thibidoux. "Now that the cat is out of the bag, would you oblige me by supplying a few details concerning the triumph of our late Lotharioi?"

A reasonable save that of broken sobs from Eloise.

A bitter pill, I quite agree," taunted Thibidoux. "Outgeneraled on our fair feminine love pirate. Ah, yes, I have counterfeited love and won the heart of one man. But my heart would be as a candle before the genuine flame. A prettily phrased heroic indeed!"

That last sardonic jibe was the culminating straw. It brought Eloise up standing, her dark eyes afire with defiance. Unflinchingly she faced her brother's leering countenance.

"Imbecile!" she screamed. "I could laugh at your valorous ignorance were I not moved to pity. You know nothing of what you say!"

Henri pointed dramatically toward the bed.

"That shoe," he said, "is hers. That rose was for your hair. I picked them up together on the stairs."

Eloise regarded the exhibits dully.

"It is quite possible," she commented, evenly, "that the shoe may have fallen from my hair. And the girl, in her haste, doubtless stepped out of her shoe—for, as you say, there is the shoe. Found them together on the stairway? A singular coincidence, nothing more. Henri, will you leave me now?" she added. "I wish to retire. It is late."

Thibidoux made no move to leave.

"A singular coincidence, indeed," he sneered.

"I asked you," reminded Eloise, wearily, "to leave me."

Thibidoux picked up the rose and the slipper, and with a parting glance of truculence, strode from the room. Eloise saw him to the door and into the hall. Then, sending the door shut, she turned, and, raising her arms in a gesture of despair, collapsed upon her couch.

"The wages of sin is——" she sobbed but her tongue could not utter the word.

What a change a few short hours had brought to the tenor of her room, after taking her surreptitious leave of Camden Sturgis, she had found her mind and heart too full of other concerns for sleep. Love's divine flame consumed her. After two hours of sleepless repose in her great chair, she had slipped a light robe about her, silently stealing down the steps and out of the house. To the Venetian pagoda in the side yard she repaired, there to sit and commune with the memory of her adored. Little did she reck that while thus engaged the suitor her strange insanity had claimed for her was in Wade Hall, befriending Patrice.

Of a sudden a man's voice from the direction of the front gate roused her. The voice struck a spark in her memory. She listened intently. Then the vision of a horse galloping along the roadway swam before her eyes.

A man was in the saddle. He turned his head, and the moonlight favoring, she recognised him. It was Sturgis! A girl, into whose ear he poured reassuring sentiments, tho the words she could not catch, rode behind him. She sprang to her feet, but the midnight riders had galloped over the brow of the hill. Deceived and betrayed, in half-delirium she rushed into the house.

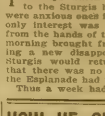
While Eloise furnished herself with these bitter reflections, Henri, just as dawn was breaking, put his horse to saddle, bound for New Orleans on the next train.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE days which followed her coming to the Sturgis home in New Orleans were anxious ones for Patrice Wade. Her only interest was in her recovery from the hands of the conspirators. Each morning brought fresh hope; each evening a new disappointment. Invariably Sturgis would return with the report that there was no news. The house in the Esplanade had not been located.

Thus a week had passed. Patrice re-

HOW HE QUIT TOBACCO

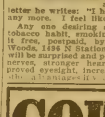


This veteran, S. B. Lamphere, was addicted to the excessive use of tobacco for many years. He wanted to quit but needed something to help him.

He saw a free book that tells about tobacco poison and how to conquer it quickly, easily and safely. In a recent letter he writes: "I have no desire for tobacco since I took the Keeley Cure."

Any one desiring a copy of this book on tobacco habit, whether chewing, can get it free, postpaid, by writing Keeley Institute, 1 Station E, New York City. You will be surprised and pleased. Soon former quieter nerves, stronger heart, better digestion, improved eyesight, increased appetite, longer life and added pleasures will be enjoyed by following yourself

GOITRE



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Name of ..... Hands trembly? .....

Do eyes bulge? ..... Does heart beat too rapidly? .....

Name .....

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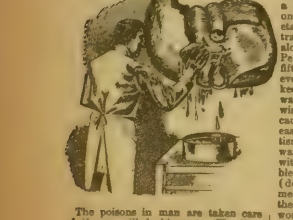
Thoroughly Cleanse the Liver and Keep Well

WHAT TO EAT!

(By Dr. I. H. WATSON.)



The poisons in man are taken care of, if man will do his part. The liver and kidneys act as the sewage disposal plants which separate and throw off the poisonous accumulations, if given half a chance. But many of us should not eat meat more than once a day. Eat vegetables, and what may be called "roughage" to stimulate bowel action, such as baked potato with the hard skin, Graham, rye or whole wheat bread, onions, turnips, carrots, even the much slandered cabbage, and sauerkraut. Stimulate the liver into a thorough housecleaning at least once a week, by taking a purely vegetable laxative made up and extracted from May-apple, leaves of aloe, root of jalap, into a Pleasant Pellet, first made by Dr. Pierce nearly fifty years ago and sold by nearly every druggist in the country. To keep the kidneys clean, drink plenty water between meals; also, if you wish to "escape half the ills" which cause early deaths from kidney disease, affections of the heart, rheumatism and gout, drink a pint of hot water a half hour before meals. This with regular exercise, sensible food, and occasionally Anuric (double or triple strength) after meals for a few weeks at a time, and there is no reason why a man or woman should not live to be a hundred. This Anuric stimulates the kidneys, causing them to throw out the poisonous uric acid which causes us to have pains in the back, lumbago, rheumatism or gout.

Anuric always benefits and often cures the cause of kidney disease, as well as rheumatism and gout. Sold by druggists, or send 50c. to Dr. V. M. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., or 10c for trial package.

fined closely indoors, by Sturgis' strict orders. The detective even had suggested that he be removed to some other place as a measure of safety. Sturgis feared that in his absence agents of Thibidoux might make bold to raid the house, overpower the aged mother, and seize the girl. But Patrice, who had developed a real affection for Camden's mother, pleaded against the separation. Consequently, a powerful negro butler was installed in the household with more explicit instructions to keep vigilant watch on all strangers seen in the vicinity while Sturgis was away.

Save for two or three nights, when under the cover of darkness Patrice had accompanied Mrs. Sturgis and Camden on automobile tours of the city, she had remained in the house, this over her urgent pleas that she be permitted more active participation in the search for her father. The close confinement and the strain of waiting in silence, one anxious day following another, while her father's life was ebbing away, began to tell on the girl's nerves.

To locate the house in the Esplanade in which Colonel Wade was held proved a more difficult task than Sturgis had supposed. The Esplanade is an extensive thorofare, stretching its broad proportions from the river back into town where further progress is interrupted by the Bayou St. John, a distance of some three miles. For a hundred years it held its place as the most fashionable street to New Orleans, a distinction it now concedes—and that with great reluctance—only to St. Charles avenue.

Generations of distinguished Creole families have lived and died in the stately mansions which front upon it. Houses, these, which might well befriend a mystery, dating, as they do, from the contemporaries of the 18th and early 19th centuries, many being replicas of famous old chateaux. Nearly all have histories, the flags of four governments having flown officially over the old Casildo and Place d'Armes in their time.

The stories they tell of some of these old estates smack of medievalism. They court disbelief; they are so strange. There are tales of hidden entrances and exits, secret doors and passageways between the walls, tunnels underground communicating with distant places, and basement keeps, dark and dank, where private prisoners were thrown and left to rust and rot.

The street is exceptionally broad. On either side there is a drive, separated by a parkway lined with beckoning palms—ruinstly spoken of as the "neutral ground"—which occupies the center of the avenue. Within recent years the charm of this intervening street has been marred by a car line which has been laid down along the parkway, between the rows of palms and tropical shrubbery.

Sturgis had haunted the Esplanade by day and prowled about it by night in search of Thibidoux or Binot or any clew to the house in which Colonel Wade was imprisoned disclosed itself. The end of a week found the detective speculating with the possibility that, despite his overheard conversation at the ball, the Colonel might not be in the Esplanade at all. The unwelcome conclusion that he was as much at sea as ever slowly forced itself upon Sturgis.

He resolved to spend one more day and night in his quest, and then if nothing resulted, try a new tack. Of what that would consist it almost impossible to rescue the Colonel alive, unless some fortuitous circumstance should intervene.

From her worries, Patrice decided to sit up until midnight before retiring, awaiting Sturgis' return. Hours dragged by, as the girl sat alone in the dim-lit parlor. The big negro butler, on guard, moved by his long beat, her bodyguard, near the door to the hall.

A quick step on the gallery outside failed to rouse him, but Patrice's keen ears caught every sound. Recognizing Sturgis' walk, she hastened to meet him at the door.

"What news?" Her wistful blue eyes asked the question.

"Glad news!" cried Sturgis, taking both her hands in his. "I've found the house!"

"Where they have my father?"

"The same. I passed the place a hundred times, but they evaded me by using a rear entrance. I saw Henri slip in by chance, and by the merest bit of fortune. Concealing myself, I waited, and presently I saw Binot leave the place by the same route."

"And you are certain my father is in that house?"

"Positive," replied Sturgis. "Not satisfied with my discovery, I crept up into the very yard and crouched beneath an open window. Binot and another I heard the two in conversation. I even learned in which room your father is confined. It lies directly above me on the second floor."

"Oh, my poor father!" moaned Patrice. "He must be in pain indeed."

"Not at all," replied Sturgis, enthusiastically. "In fact, he holds his strength as well that the plotters are at their wits' ends. But more later. Let us go in here and I will tell you the whole story."

Sturgis led the girl into the parlor.

"Now I will tell you about your father," he went on, "and take heart, little sister, for it isn't nearly so bad as we have supposed."

Patrice leaned forward in her chair, eager to drink in every word.

"Your father, as you remember, began," continued Sturgis, "Thibidoux and Binot, fearing he suspects something is wrong, are at their wits' ends. It appears he has not been taking the poisoned 'medicine' Binot has prepared. I heard the Doctor remark that they could trust him no longer, and they agreed that hereafter the potion should be administered personally by Binot."

"My father awakening to the realization that he is not in a sanitarium or in the hands of friends" cried Patrice, her eyelashes misty with tears of joy. "Then his mind is not entirely shattered?"

"That is precisely the fear Binot expressed. Yes, little sister, their game is up. Because they have time to administer the poison in harmful quantities, your father will be out of that household and safely in your care."

"Oh, Mr. Sturgis, when—when will it be?"

Patrice clapped her hands in ecstasy.

"Before tomorrow night," the detective responded, with a warm glow of pride "We are going to surround the house, and quick action is imperative. All plans have been laid. I saw Crown, chief of the New Orleans bureau, tonight, told him of my findings, and we mapped our course. Telegrams have been sent, and ten men from the Memphis office and ten ham offices will be here in the morning to take part in the enterprise. You see, we are going to surround the house, and on signal men will rush in at all doors, while others will stand guard outside and frustrate any attempt to escape from windows or other exits.

"In order that Thibidoux and Binot shall not suspect what is up, we have sent for strange men from other cities. You may rest assured that two shrewd ones such as they know every local Department of Justice man when they see him a mile away. To have any New Orleans sleuths idling about the place would be the most suspicious a means of apprising them that something was in the wind as writing Thibidoux a letter telling him of our intentions."

"At what time of day do you plan making the raid?"

"That depends upon when the men arrive," said Sturgis. "But we hope to have it done and over with by noon."

"And may I go with you?" Patrice petitioned, and as if to forestall the refusal she knew would come, added plaintively: "Please, Mr. Sturgis, let me go."

"What!" laughed Camden "You go with us on that raid!"

"Please," the girl beseeched, wounded at Sturgis' mirth

"Why, somebody's likely to get shot."

"I know it," Patrice replied. "Henri is a desperate man. I cannot imagine him surrendering alive. But that isn't fair. Other men are taking fearful chances—chances of life and death, and all for my sake. I feel most poignantly, it is my father, and not the him of any of these officers, you are going to rescue. Please, I beg of you—allow me to share the danger with you."

Tears welled to her eyes anew as she spoke

"You are a brave, dear little girl," said Sturgis, "and it is natural this affair should appear to you in a different light from the one in which it does to us detectives. Our duty is impersonal. These men, Thibidoux and Binot, have infracted the laws of the United States. Their arrest is demanded. It is for us to arrest them. With no less hesitation would I arrest you, if commanded to do so. These officers are running no risk for your sake —it is a plain case of following orders."

"I understand," said Patrice, in a low voice. "My father is associated in a cause in a great machine, the purpose of which is not to reward the innocent, but to punish the guilty. But that is theory. It means more to me to have my father and my home restored than it can mean to the great Government of the United States to apprehend two comparatively small officers bent against its peace. Mine is the greater concern, then. You are doing this for my sake, and you know it."

Her final words seemed inspired by a sort of infallible intuition. Sturgis rose from his seat, crossed the room and stood beside Patrice's chair. He laid his hand upon her shoulder

"Patrice, you're true blue," he said tenderly. "I would—do anything for your sake"

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NEW YORK, N. Y.—It is conservatively estimated that over three million people annually in this country alone are taking Nuxated Iron. Such astonishing results have been reported from its use both by doctors and patients that a number of physicians in various parts of the country have been asked to explain why they prescribe it so extensively, and why it apparently produces so much better results than were obtained from the old forms of inorganic iron

Extracts from some of the letters received are given below:

Dr. Ferdinand King, a New York Physician and Author says, "There are no vigorous iron men without iron.

Pallor means anaemia.

Anaemia means iron deficiency. The skin of anaemic men and women is pale; the flesh flabby, the muscles lack tone, the

F. King, M.D.

eyes lack fire and the memory fails and they often become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and miserable. When the iron goes from the blood of women, the roses go from their cheeks. In the common foods of America, the starches, sugars, table syrups, candies, polished white bread, soda crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca, cereal farina, degerminated cornmeal no longer is iron to be found. Refining processes have removed the iron and vitality from these impoverished foods, and silly methods of home cookery and dietetics allow the waste-pipe the water in which our vegetables are cooked, are regarded as containing any iron loss.

Therefore, if you wish to preserve your youthful vim and vigor to a ripe old age, you must supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron, just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt in it.

Dr. T. Alphonse Wallace, physician and surgeon, whose experience in this country and who has been given many honorary titles in England, says: "Nuxated Iron gives the weak and nervous men and women a splendid appetite, makes the blood red as rubies, and fills the veins with a tingling current of health-giving iron.

"I know you would," the girl said simply. Her eyes sought the floor as she spoke.

"Thank you," said Camden, drawing away. "But see what you have led me into. And it all began by my trying to impress upon you that it will not do to have you with us tomorrow."

"But I thought that was settled," persisted Patrice. "Can't we?"

"You got me entirely off the track," continued Sturgis. "I missed the vital points. Don't you see that your presence would defeat our entire scheme of brinzing in out-of-town men who are not known? Why, the minute Bondour or Ilinot spied you our whole plan would be knocked into a cocked hat."

"Well, in that case they would recognize you, too, wouldn't they? Besides, I might disguise myself."

Sturgis threw up his hands in a gesture of surrender.

"No more of this tonight!" he exclaimed. "Zounds! It's one o'clock. Both of us need some sleep. Off to bed now, and not another word!"

"No more tonight, then," complied Patrice. "But you just wait until morning."

By nine o'clock the following morning Patrice and Sturgis were seated in the tonneau of a big touring automobile which thrummed its luxurious way down St. Charles avenue. At Canal the car swung over to Rampart street and continued down that broad but shoddy thorofare to the Esplanade, whence it turned east.

During the ride almost no word passed between the pair. Sturgis' face was tense with nervous excitement. The girl was pale, and the color of her skin remarkable natural whiteness of her skin rendered her countenance almost the hue of ivory.

Presently the car swung up to the curb in front of a house at the Roche-Blavo street corner, and Patrice and Sturgis stepped from the machine quickly and assisted Patrice to the banquette. He accompanied her to the gate and rang the bell.

"Remember, now," he cautioned, "you are not to leave this house under any circumstances until you are sent for. Don't look in that direction! The place we are going after is only a block away —the second house beyond Dorgenois street on the uptown side. I am guilty of a serious breach of regulations in bringing you here, so please comply with these instructions."

Just then a girl, about the age of Patrice, appeared at the door. It was Aimee Briol, a classmate at Newcomb. Patrice had been a guest at her home many times before.

"There's your friend now," said Sturgis. "Join her, and remember not to step a foot out of these doors until you hear from me. I hope it will not be longer than an hour, but I cannot tell."

Sturgis lifted his hat, stepped back into the automobile, and was sped away toward Crown's office. Patrice, with a parting nod to Camden, tripped up the walk to greet Aimee. The girls had not met since graduation night, three months before.

Patrice had won a partial victory in her plea to be near her father when the attempt at rescue was to be made. When Sturgis divulged the location of the house which stood near Dorgenois street, she recalled at once that her college chum, Aimee, lived but a short distance away. Patrice contended that Sturgis was unable to advance any good reason why she should not remain at the Briol home until the raid had been accomplished and then hasten to her father's side. Sturgis' yielded, but not without the gravest misgivings. Something warned him that the move would be fraught with ill consequences.

Upon his arrival at headquarters in the Federal building, Camden encountered the first hitch in the plan Crown and himself had laid so well the night before. Memphis, instead of sending six men, could spare but three, and three green hands at that, as Crown could discern at first sight. The four requisitioned from the Birmingham office had not arrived at all, their train being held up indefinitely by a wreck on the line. Due at seven in the morning, it first was reported an hour late, then two hours, and now came the word that it would be fortunate if the train, after rerouting, arrived by noon.

"Young fellow, it looks like we would have to postpone this affair until tomorrow," observed Crown.

"Chief, we can't wait, we just can't," pleaded Sturgis. "We have our chance. Pass it up, and we're likely never to get another until it's too late."

"That is all true," responded the veteran secret service man, "but just the same I'm not going into a job of this kind half cocked. We'll be sure of winning, or we don't waste our hand."

"Chief," begged Sturgis, "if that's the way you look at it, just give me two good men from the local force, and I'll try it alone."

"Yes, get the daylights shot out of you," was the curt rejoinder. "You've got the makings of a good dick, but there's lots you have to learn. You're a reckless young fool."

"I'd die game," retorted Sturgis, resentfully. "You'll at least concede that."

"Young man, you've got sand, and I'm for you!" exclaimed the old chief. "I was just sounding you out. If the boys from the Birmingham office don't show up at twelve, I'll go with the four. With a couple others we'll do the job ourselves."

It happened, however, that the Birmingham boys showed up. They put in an appearance almost precisely at twelve, and Crown went about his regular plan.

The empty, anxious hours of morning bore even more heavily on Patrice than they did on the determined young detective. All members of Aimee's family were summering at Pass Christian, on the Mississippi Gulf coast, and it was only an hour since they brought the daughter to the city. Aimee had an engagement with her dentist for half an hour before noon's arrival. Miss Wade, explaining the situation, said she would not be in the house long, and urged Aimee to keep her appointment. This she did, leaving Patrice alone in the house, save for servants.

Not expecting any word before tentthirty o'clock, Patrice bided the first moment measured its full sixty seconds with as many heart throbs. Patrice took up her station from a window and began scrutinizing the vehicles which passed in the avenue, now glancing at the clock on the mantel.

An hour wore by. The girl rose and began to pace the floor. Frightful apprehensions assailed her. What if the raid failed? Had the diabolical Thibidoux and the crafty Binot apprised themselves of what was about to happen? Had Sturgis and his colleagues found the house empty and denuded, pride keeping the young detective from admitting such failure? Or, perhaps, had one of their number been killed or wounded? Patrice finally reached the point of fearing in this regard, since she had heard no pistol shots.

Suddenly an automobile tire exploded with unusual violence in the street near the house. The report was remarkably like that of a bomb. Patrice and the remaining shreds of the girl's nervous reserve broke. A frightened scream she uttered, and hurtheaded, the house ran into the Esplanade.

This remarkable story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *

A FALSE ALARM.

"I understand you had a burglar scare out your way," said the city girl to her suburban friend, as they seated themselves at the table in the tearoom. "You order for both of us, my dear, and then tell me about it. I'm just dead just a little from Mrs. Dressler, whom I saw just a moment yesterday."

"We've always been on the lookout for thieves and tramps and things," began the friend, when the waitress had turned away. "You see, our cottage is on the trolley line and therefore very convenient for visitors from town. Then, too, Mrs. Dubbors saw a man climbing out of somebody's kitchen window last month, and that made us nervous. They say now that it was Mrs. Bubbors' perfect boy getting cookies without rousing the maid, but you never can tell. The mere report has made us all nervous, because you do read of such dreadful things."

"You haven't many policemen, either, have you?"

"We have one," the suburbanite declared with spirit. "And he's as good as most police forces, even if he is old. He was the policeman on our block when I was a child, and I suppose he will be as long as he lives. He knows everybody, and it is rather a good thing to have an old resident on the force."

"He might be a little slow getting after a burglar."

"Oh, yes, he has a bicycle. Burglars usually keep to the roads, don't they, on account of trying to flip cars and so on?"

"I don't know. My acquaintance is limited."

"Well, anyway," continued the young woman with the bicycle cop, "although we hadn't ever had a burglar, and some of us felt that we weren't a really enterprising people without one, we organized. We weren't even suspicious of the man when he came around asking for work."

"Gracious! Did you employ him?"

"Why, when he came to our house mother had him fix some screens and sweep out the cellar, and she's a lazy little things that we always are glad to have somebody else do. We don't keep a man servant, you know, and she was pleased to get the odd jobs done. The worst of it was that on the strength of it our cook's daughter, Mrs. Dressler, hired him to do a good many things for her. She wasn't content with outdoor and cellar work, but liked him so much that she let him work upstairs. And part of the time there wasn't anybody watching him. We never once never thought of such a thing as his stealing. She said it just went to show how you could not judge anybody by his looks. A nice looking man is almost sure to turn out to be a rascal.

"She was very well satisfied with his work, but about two hours after she had paid him and he had gone, she came running over to our house to ask what he had taken from us. Mrs. Dravo reported that the man had walked off with a pair of Mr. Dravo's trousers, the pair he had paid the most for, of course, and Mrs. Dravo had telephoned for the policeman."

"I should think you had good reason to be excited."

"We did! Of course, it took us a good while to find out whether he had taken anything from us, but we couldn't find that there was a single thing missing. My small brother was really very much disappointed, because he did so want the honor of being 'burgled,' as he called it. When the policeman came we sent him off right away to hunt up the man, who, of course, had left town at once. We gave him a good description of the culprit and he brought in two in the next hour that were the wrong ones. They were so mad, both of them, that Mrs. Dravo had to pay them well to keep them from raving.

"It took him a great deal longer to find the right man, but just about dark he brought him to Mrs. Dravo's. She wouldn't let him in, but they stood out on the porch and we all stood around watching him. He didn't deny anything except the trousers. He said he had worked for Mrs. Dravo and without waiting for us to identify him he said right out that he had done some odd jobs for us."

"Why, how brazen of him!"

"Didn't it seem so? A big crowd was gathering and there was all sorts of talk about doing things to the man because he was to be made an example of to frighten away other thieves. Then Mr. Dravo came home. He saw the crowd as he got off the trolley and he ran across lots, thinking the house was on fire or something. The thief saw him coming, but he didn't run. In fact, he was more amused than Mrs. Dravo was.

"As soon as her husband came nearer she gave a shriek and sat flat on the steps. We all thought she was dying, but while one boy ran for the doctor and another for a pail of water, she managed to tell us what the trouble was.

"The chief had stolen something else?"

"No," said the suburbanite, calmly. "But Mr. Dravo was wearing the trousers she had thought were stolen."

* * *

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American Thin Model 20 YEAR Watch $2.97

Special Closing Sale of American-made watches. Send your name and address and we will send you by parcel post C. O. D. $2.97 and postage charges. Watch is 16 size, open face, thin model, high-grade nickel silver movement and bevel case, dust proof, with lever escapement, lever expansion balance, hard enamel dial, stem wind and pendant set, a reliable timekeeper; equal to $15.00 watch, fully guaranteed 20 years. ORDER AT ONCE. This sale for short time only. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Write for free catalog. Mention if you want a gent's or lady's watch. Address
Boston Jewelry Co., Dept. 10-39 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

2 Rings and Bracelet FREE

and 6 boxes Rosebud Salve at 25c box

Valuable preparation for burns, sores, tetter chapped hands, eczema, chafing, etc. Return the $2.40 and we will send 2 beautiful gold plated premium, warrant 5 years, and bracelet FREE. Write for salve to-day. When sold send our $2.40. ROSEBUD PERFUME CO. Box 305 Woodsboro, Md.

Will you let us help beautify your home grounds by sending to you, at our expense, this Hardy Landscape Collection of 10 Ornamental Trees and Flowering Shrubs and Plants? *See offer below.*

A few ornamental trees and shrubs will add greatly to the beauty and value of the home place. In the above collection we have had our nurseries go to the limit in making up a Landscape that will be a constant source of pleasure and delight to all lovers of beautiful home grounds.

This **Home Landscape Collection** consists of the following as shown according to numbers on above illustration:

Nos. 1 and 9—**2 Flowering Ht. Ash trees.** Extra fine shade trees, covered with white flowers in spring, changing to red berries in fall.

Nos. 2 and 7—2 **Japanese Berberry.** Ornamental shrub that bears red berries and leaves also turn to a beautiful crimson color in autumn.

Nos. 5 and 8—**2 Spirea Van Houttei,** (Bridal Wreath), looks like a bank of white snow when in full bloom in May and June.

Nos. 3 and 4—2 **Climbing Roses.** One red and one white. Both hardy and free bloomers.

No. 6—**2 Oriental Poppy** plants. A perennial that lives out of doors over winter, and like peonies, the plants grow larger and bloom more and more freely as the years go by.

Everything in this offer is extra HARDY and will grow and thrive in all parts of the country. With each collection will be sent simple cultural directions so that any one not experienced in horticultural matters can easily succeed with the trees and plants.

We would like to instruct the nurseries to reserve one of these **LANDSCAPE COLLECTIONS** for shipment to the planting in your vicinity. Just read over our offer, fill out the coupon and mail to us at once and we will see that these 10 TREES, SHRUBS and PLANTS go to you all charges prepaid at proper time.

THE FARMING BUSINESS,
500 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

I inclose **50** cents, for which send me **The Farming Business** for one year, and as a gift your **Hardy Landscape Collection of 10 Ornamental Trees and Flowering Shrubs.**

Name .....

Street, R. F. D. .....

City ..... State .....

MY MOTHER.

Kind she always was. She understood
All my small life held of dark and light,
Took she nothing—gave she only good,
That my youth might blossom without blight.
Tender was she always. Oft I knew
As the years rolled on, the graver way,
Life's intenser shadows round me drew
Gloomy fears that caught at Hope's one ray.
Held out by her hand. She felt my pain
Just as keen as I—thru love of me.
Loss to her meant joy, if it was my gain;
Sacrificed she all—and cheerfully.

In the later years, when sharper ties
Worked us together—her joy, my sorrow,
Pain grown homely, deeper tragedies,
Reaped unkindly, where I did not sow—
Thru the haze of girlish dreams I knew
All the stern reality of pain;
Idols fallen, ne'er to build anew;
Castles shattered, reared too soon in Spain.
And but for that mother love at hand,
Guiding with an instinct God has given,
How could I have seen a Promised Land
Thru rebellious clouds that shut off heaven?

When the faith within my heart lay still,
Stunned by life's hard lesson driven home,
And the struggle up the doubt-strewn hill
Seemed too endless to attempt alone,
Then I turned to her whose mother heart
Felt the turmoil of my woman's soul
Keener, perhaps, than I: and with the art
Of instinctive wisdom, knew the goal
Where to point my feet. And in that hour,
When love came to claim me as the force,
Bravely did she smile, and give as dower
Both her blessing and her sacrifice.

* * *

BUSINESS RUSH.

"Since that day," said the fluffy woman, with the trusting expression, "I am consumed with wonder, wondering how any business man transacts business or even makes a living if I run many days that way I'd lose my husband, my job and my happy home!"

"I made the fatal mistake of telephoning Alfred when I was downtown with a shopping list a yard long, and Alfred chilled my voice with ice. He said it was so fortunate I was where I was, because the real estate man who had been luring him on was so anxious for me to go out twelve miles on the north shore to look at a house which he knew was exactly what we wanted—and would I please come right over to Alfred's office and we would go with Mr. Vibbles.

"I reluctantly consented. I folded away my shopping list and pounded over the pavements to the office, arriving breathless but triumphant in the feeling that I had not kept the two men waiting nor wasted any of their valuable time. Alfred looked up from some figuring and regarded me in an abstracted manner for a moment. Then his brow cleared. 'Why, hello!' he cried in the most surprised manner. Then he grabbed the telephone. 'Clean forgot 'phoning Vibbles,' he explained. 'A man came in and——'

"He tried to look bland when he turned from his conversation and met my gaze, but he couldn't. He told Vibbles was out and had left word that he would call Alfred up from where he was.

"Alfred was terribly polite trying to soothe me. He gave me a journal dealing with concrete and really said it was a pleasant day. Twenty minutes passed, and then Alfred again called Vibbles' office. It seemed Mr. Vibbles had returned, and not getting any message from Alfred, as he had expected, had stepped out to be shaved. Alfred assured me people got shaved very swiftly in these big office buildings, and that Mr. Vibbles would be only a second, and here was a new magazine about the iron output of the last century and the rates of profit.

"I stopped him there and distinctly told him what I thought of it. I said I could have got half my shopping done had I known I was to wait around in this ridiculous fashion. Alfred bristled and said it was plain to be seen that I knew nothing of business and that the business man's time was not his own.

"Vibbles 'phoned just then. He said that if we would meet him at the main entrance of the Blank Hotel we'd take the elevated from there. At least this was a start, and I sprang to my feet. Just then Alfred remembered that he had to phone a man, which he did for five minutes. Finally we dropped down fifteen stories to the street to find that it was raining. Alfred said he'd just run back for his umbrella and it wouldn't take a minute. I dragged him over a steam radiator and let the glad world rush by for fifteen minutes. On his return Alfred explained that he'd had to sign some letters.

"Arriving at the main entrance of the Blank Hotel we waited fifteen minutes—and, going around to the side entrance, which had not been mentioned, found Mr. Vibbles in the act of tooth-charming, well-groomed persons, absolutely not to be ruffled. He said casually that he had been detained, that he was quite heavy, yet he looked perfectly placid. I know perfectly well he had taken an hour And a half to get at it, and had played a game of billiards afterward.

"He and Alfred discussed solemnly whether it were better to go on the elevated or to take the Northwestern. Meanwhile the rain descended in sheets. We rode for ages and those two poor harassed men sobbed on one another's shoulders in the weariness of life and the awful grinding rush.

"Finally we reached the station, and as we sat there I began thinking over the health-giving properties of the air and how the walk to the station—oh, a brief, brief walk—had done me worlds or so—would tone up Alfred's system wonderfully. Then I asked if they knew we were coming, and Mr. Vibbles said he had 'phoned Mr. Jones downtown, and Mr. Jones said his wife would be home all afternoon, so that was all right.

"When we reached the house nobody answered the bell. Mr. Vibbles coughed. He said it was most strange, most strange, indeed—and that if Alfred and I would look the place over from the outside he would run down to the next one store at the station and see if Mrs. Jones had gone there. He took an awful chance of getting wet, I thought, and Alfred and I sat glumly huddled on the porch steps, like two burglars in the midst of burgling, and wondered at the strangeness of Mrs. Jones being out when her husband had said she would be in.

"'Do you mean,' I demanded in awful tones, 'that he just trusted to luck and didn't quite know if Mrs. Jones was in or just what he had done. Without one word I turned and marched toward the station, and Alfred and Mr. Vibbles followed, still explaining. We were twenty-five miles from home and it was raining and six o'clock.

"But he said she'd be home,' Mr. Vibbles protested. 'You just remember one thing,' I told him. 'I'm not buying a house that no man has any right to think he knows what a woman is going to do at any time!' And I said to Alfred that Vibbles man, speaking real human and unbusinesslike, 'don't I know it? Am I not married?' And I told him it served him right.

"And yet Alfred says Mr. Vibbles makes a corking income and that's what Alfred does earn a living—but how those two babes in the woods manage it I'm blessed if I know.

* * *

The Village Bashfuls.

Hickey Sloovers, the village's bashfullest, pinned a chrysanthemum in his nearest buttonhole, saturated his hair and handkerchief with bay rum, and fared forth to propose to Jane Shrimp, the village's next bashfullest.

The moon was shining brightly, and there must have been dozens of stars in the sky.

Hickey and Jane took a long walk, over Simminses medders, past the mill, down by the bend in the creek where the Simminses meddlers again. At last Hickey found his voice.

"Well, Jane," he said, taking the chrysanthemum nervously from his buttonhole and putting it in his back pocket. "I spose you'll be quittin' soon, now's married like—some o' these here days."

"Oh, I dunno. I guess, maybe. I-ke," replied Jane.

"I guess I'll—I'll get married, too."

"Yeh.

"Praps—p'raps—ha, ha, ha!—we both might get married together, like!"

"Oh! At the same time?"

"Yeh. Oh, wouldn't it be funny if—if the parson should make a mistake, like, and marry us to each other! Will yuh?

"—oh!—I don't care."

Millennium Scenes.

SCENE I.

"I heartily regret having to inconvenience you, but glad the gateman on the subway to a large man who was passing slowly down the aisle, "but would you be kind enough to accelerate your movements a trifle, in order that the crowd behind you may be able to exit?"

"Why, of course, my dear sir," replied the other, touching his silk hat. "I shall only too gladly accommodate you. I trust that you may not think me heartless because I have not done so sooner, but, the view my aims are moving with your wishes in the matter, I seemed unable to get up steam until the present moment."

"Oh, I pray you not to mention it," returned the gateman as the other stepped off, "for I shall always hold you in grateful remembrance for your kindly thoughtfulness and courtesy."

And he blew him a kiss from the tips of his fingers as the train sped by.

SCENE II

"We'll have you up and about tomorrow, Mr. Bylllons," said the great physician, as he felt of his pulse and looked at the tongue of the world's greatest financier.

"Then you do not think an operation necessary?" asked the man of money.

"By no means, my dear sir," answered the doctor, "you have merely caught cold, and it would be foolish for you to pay me $5,000 for an operation, when twenty-five cents' worth of medicine will fix you up over night. The financial world cannot spare you for any length of time, and I would not hear of accepting the money, but for the good of humanity, so why should we prolong your case by unnecessary visits, when a dose or two will do it? And now, can you tell me where I may find some poor people who are in dire need of my services, but haven't the means to employ an eminent specialist?"

SCENE III.

"Come in!" invited the tenant, as the landlord knocked politely upon his door; "I have been expecting you, and have done myself the honor to prepare a slight repast for you, for I know you must be tired from running your car about over the city collecting rents, and I trust a little refreshment will not be to your distaste."

"How very thoughtful of you, my dear sir," replied the landlord, shaking hands with his tenant and seating himself at the table. "I feel myself unworthy of your beautiful hospitality. I regret exceedingly to have to present you with a bill for several months' rent, but I assure you that it is a mere matter of form."

"I understand perfectly," sweetly assented the tenant, "I am not going to wound your delicacy of feeling by paying you, for I appreciate your sensitiveness in this respect."

"That's tremendously decent of you," murmured the landlord, in a broken voice. "How I wish all my tenants had the same fine sensibilities! It will give me the greatest possible pleasure to let your rent run on indefinitely."

And he hoped the other had not seen the tear that trickled into his chocolate eclair.

* * *

The meek may inherit the earth, but the chances are that when they do there will be very little demand for real estate.

Beautifully Modeled Clothing
$11.95

THE STYLE that smart dressers have enthusiastically endorsed. The New Ranch Back Style, superbly fashioned from fine quality Blue or Gray All Wool (guaranteed) Flannel. Size: Chest, 32 to 46 in.; Waist, 28 to 38 in. Inseam, 28 to 34 in. Handsome 2-button, soft roll coat—lined except sleeves. Order No. 8G36 for Blue—No. 8G36G for Gray. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

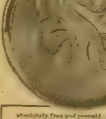
Send for Men's Clothing Catalog FREE
Save on everything you wear.

Montgomery Ward & Co.
Dept. AO 384
New York Chicago Kansas City, Mo.
Fort Worth, Tex. Portland, Ore.
Address the House Nearest You.

Make $1200 to $5000 Yearly
Success Indoor Closets sell on sight. Make money the first day. Sixteen million women readers. Enormous repeat profits buyers. Dealers and Boards of Health endorse and sell. Sells to all classes. Kills disease germs. Eliminates cellar closet. Is Compact, absolutely odorless, simple. Uses no water. Has self-contained parts but fifteen minutes attention keeps a month. Solves every woman's problem. Write for agency proposition.
Sell Success Indoor Closets
Agents Wanted. Every home a prospect. Another sold in a few hours. A farmer with horses and auto sold 5 days. Another sold 3 in 3 hours. Another sold 4 in 1 day. You Can't Lose Money.
Demonstrator FREE
Write for Demonstrator Proposition. Free Demonstrator Free territory. Get Free Demonstrator. Don't delay. Write today. Success is an improvement over an outhouse. Success Indoor Closets are sanitary. Write today.
FREE Agents Proposition. Liberal Terms. Write today. Don't delay. Don't lose money. Don't lose time. Don't lose territory. Write today.
SUCCESS INDOOR CLOSET CO.
111 Success Bldg., Toledo, Ohio

AGENTS
We are paying men and women from $18 to $36 a week. Plan your 8th in one month. Bridge $8 in 6 days to take orders.
Kanticak Raincoats
It's easy. We furnish everything. Forty styles. Beautiful new fabrics. Wholesale prices. Big commissions. You only take orders.
We Deliver and Collect
No time wasted. No money invested. No chance of loss.
Sample Coal Free
Write for free proposition. Complete outfit—all free. Write today.
Kramer Mfg. Co.
21 Akron Street Dayton, Ohio

E.D.L. Phonograph FREE
Plays any 6 or disc record—speaks under any horn. Has expensive speaking, singing records—band, orchestra, minstrels, grand opera, vaudeville, every one, and five selections. Free and prepaid to you. Also Free Catalog of Musical Instruments, large horn, stock, improved tone arm, etc. Write for it today. Get only 14 cents of our new art pictures of our Free Phonograph. Write today.
E. D. LYFE, 397 W Madison, 5751, Chicago



The Burlington SMASHES All Watch Competition

The New Burlington is now ready!—and at record breaking prices. A superb watch, adjusted to the very second, now thus in this 20 year case. 21 ruby and sapphire jewels, handsome monogram shipped to you for your approval. Sent 6 Days Free. Don't decide without seeing this watch. Send today for free booklet about our great watch offer.

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And all of this for $8.50—only $2.50 a month for the masterpiece of watch manufacturing! Our direct-from-factory prices prove that the wholesale dealer must have to pay. Think of the high-grade, guaranteed watch you get at such a remarkably low price.

Send for FREE Watch Book Write today for new watch book and full particulars. Send coupon or postal. Do it now.

BURLINGTON WATCH COMPANY 19th Street and Marshall Blvd Dept. 8074 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

FREE SURPRISE PRESENT FOR SOLVING THIS PUZZLE

This picture shows one of our friends driving an automobile. In the scenery and around the automobile are 20 hardly human faces which it will be lots of fun for you to find. Can you find them? If so, we'll pay you. When you have found them, write us, mark out the faces on the picture in the advertisement and mail it to us. We will send you free our handsome premium, postage, mailing, etc., and a beautiful surprise present. You will be filled with delight in owning this present.

AUTOMOBILE GIVEN AWAY

We will also make you a present of a Certificate of Entry for 2,000 free auto votes and tell you all about this splendid touring car which we are going to give away free.

MEN, WOMEN, BOYS AND GIRLS—You can also win an automobile in addition to splendid prizes, such as phonographs, jewelry, silverware, bicycles, watches, cameras, and other things you like. We will also send you a copy of two great national publications worth ten cents. Write your name and address plainly, and inclose the four cents in stamps for packing, mailing, etc., of the free surprise present.

AUTO PUZZLE DEPT. R, W. D. BOYCE CO., 500 NORTH DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

FOR EXCESSIVE
URIC ACID
TRY THE WILLIAMS TREATMENT

50 Cent Bottle (32 Doses)
FREE

Just because you start the day worried and tired, stiff legs and arms and muscles, an aching head, burning and tearing down pains in the back—worn out before the day begins—do not think you have to stay in that condition.

Be strong, well and vigorous, with no more pains from stiff joints, sore muscles, rheumatic suffering, aching back or kidney trouble.

If you suffer from bladder weakness with burning, scanty passage, or if you are in and out of bed half a dozen times a night, you will appreciate the rest, comfort and strength this treatment gives.

To prove The Williams Treatment conquers kidney and bladder diseases, rheumatism and all other ailments when due to excessive uric acid, no matter how chronic or stubborn, if you have never tried The Williams Treatment, we will give one 50c. bottle (32 doses) free if you will cut out this notice and send it with your name and address and 10c. to help pay distribution expense, to The Dr. D. S. Williams Company, Dept. 1930 F, Post Office Block, East Hampton, Conn. Send at once and you will receive by parcel post a regular 50c. bottle, without charge and without incurring any obligation. Only one bottle to the same address or family.

The Law to Blame.

The old farmer had been hauled before the magistrate to show cause why he hadn't taken out a license for a pet terrier.

"Whoy, he's nobbut a puppy," he exclaimed, in defense.

"Yes, yes, so you say," said the clerk. "But how old is he?"

"I couldn't tell to a bit," he replied. "I never was much good at dates, but he's nobbut a puppy."

On the other hand, evidence proved that the dog was long past puppyhood, and the bench inflicted the usual fine.

Talking it over afterward, the farmer exclaimed: "Ang me if I can un'erstand it! Last year, an' the year afore that, I told the same tale 'bout same dog, an' it wor allus good enough afore! Who's bin meddlin' wi' 't law since last year?"

SUCCESS RULE.

"'Tis rather hard,
You must admit,
To work when you're
Not feeling fit.

But chaps who do
Are paid the best
And when they're rich
Can take a rest.

Got a Lucrative Job.

"Yes, he had some trouble with his eyes," said the celebrated oculist. "Every time he started to read he would read double."

"Poor fellow!" remarked the sympathetic person. "I suppose that interfered with his holding a good position?"

"Not at all. The gas company gave him a lucrative job reading gas meters."

Classified Want Ads

Classified Want Ad Information

The rate for one insertion in Chicago Ledger and one insertion in The Saturday Blade is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size of ad or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500 N. Dearborn St. CHICAGO, ILL.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS! BIG MONEY DEMONSTRATING Puncture Putty. Automobile owners eager buyers. Marvelous. Puncturers cute. Wound in tires, tubes permanently repaired in 60 minutes without tools, heat or scrape. Surprising self-vulcanizing. $1.00 outfit repairs 75 ordinary punctures. Big repeater. Write quick. Columbia Chemical Co., Dept. 62, Washington, D. C.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO WEAR A BEAUTIful new suit, made to your own measure, to take orders from friends and others every week? You can be the best dressed man in your town and earn a lot of extra money if you write at once for our beautiful samples and wonderful offer. The Progress Tailoring Co., Dept. 238, Chicago.

AGENTS: QUICK SALES! BIG PROFITS! Outfree! Cash or credit. Sales in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks, Hosiery, Underwear and complete Dry Goods. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 39, 452 Broadway, New York.

$233 PROFIT—$7.50 ON EACH SET sold. Newly invented Jubilee Spark Intensifier. Banishes carbon. Starts motor every time. Sells on sight. Exclusive territory. Jubilee Mfg. Co., Dept. 349-C, Omaha, Neb.

AGENTS—SELL RICH-LOOKING IMPORTED Jewels rups, $1 each. Carter, Tenn., sold 116 in 4 days. Profit $57. You can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan. Credit given terri-tory. Sample rup by parcel post prepaid, 98c. E. Coudon Importing Co., Dept. 707 C, Amsterdam, N. Y.

$50 WEEKLY AND UP SELLING MEXICAN Diamonds. Exactly resemble genuine; same rainbow fire; stand acid test; sell at slight repeat orders. Write quick for sample case offer. Free. Mexican Diamond Importing Co., F. J., Las Cruces, New Mexico.

AGENTS—MAKE 100 PER CENT A DAY SELL-ing transfer initials and monograms for automobiles. Profit $1.25 on $1.50 order. Write quick. Auto Letter Co., 213 Adver-tisers Bldg., Dayton, O.

AGENTS—MAKE A DOLLAR AN HOUR. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample pack-age 15c. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 707 C, Amsterdam, N. Y.

RELIABLE MEN TO HANDLE MY 1917 "Business Guide," Sells everywhere. Be-ginners clear $7 per day. No capital required. Outfit free. Prof. Nichols, Box B, Naperville, Ill.

GET DAVIS' LATEST PROPOSITION. $15.00 daily a cinch. No matter how often you have been turned my proposition down, last 20 years, get my 1917 "Prosperity Offer." E. M. Davis, 500 Davis Bldg., Chicago.

LARGE MANUFACTURER WANTS REPRE-sentatives to sell shirts, underwear, hosiery, dressing gowns, sweaters, neckwear. Samples for free samples. Madison Mills, 886 Broad-way, New York City.

YOUNG MAN, WOULD YOU ACCEPT A tailormade suit just for showing it to your friends? Then write Banner Tailoring Co., Dept. 662, Chicago, and get beautiful samples, styles and wonderful offer.

FLOWER BEAD NECKLACES SELLING like hot cakes. Enormous profits; money. Send for catalog and proposition. Mission Bead Co., 811 E. Whittier, Los Angeles, Cal.

AGENTS—I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full line free. Write today. Quick. Lacassian Co. Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS—SELL RELIABLE CUSTOM MADE 66 Raincoats and Gabardines, big commission. Complete sample line free. Temple Raincoat Company, Templeboro, Pa.

$100.00 MONTHLY, LEAVING "EYEWASH" $5 free, with course and outfit. Write today. E. M. Rienzi, Cutler Sta., Newark, N. Y.

SELL PIERCE'S PEERLESS STRAITENA to scattered people; wonderful seller; large profits. Pierce Soap Works, Springfield, Ohio.

BE YOUR OWN BOSS: $5 DAILY INDEED. $5 For complete instructions and sample send 25c. Ashion Pub. Co., 109 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

HELP WANTED

$10 WEEKLY REPORTING NAMES, IN-formation. All or spare time. Men, women, capital unnecessary. No canvassing. Be our representative. National Information Exchange Bureau, 1133 Broadway, Omaha, Neb.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money and save for yourself or buy, sell or exchange goods or services are offered here.

MAN OR WOMAN TO TRAVEL FOR OLD-established house. No canvassing. $1,175 first year; expenses paid; pursuant to con-tract; expenses in advance. C. E. Nichols, Perkins Place, Pepper Bldg.

BOYS, RAISE GUINEA PIGS. VERY PROF-itable; handy methods; average $2.50 per doz. to start you. Particulars free. F. Hasen-fluger, 4001 Shinnecock Road, Long Island City, N. Y.

MEN WOMEN WANTED. $75.00 MONTH. 1st Government jobs open, free. Franklin Institute, Dept. B139, Rochester, N. Y.

$65 WEEKLY COLLECTING NAMES AND addresses. Send stamp. Urena Company, Dept. A7, Chicago, Ill.

MALE HELP WANTED

NATIONAL DETECTIVE AGENCY WANTS young man in each county to learn and do secret service work. Write, P. O. Box 487, Pitts-burgh, Pa.

MALE HELP—(Continued)

WANTED, MEN AND WOMEN TO QUALI-fy for Government positions. Several thousand appointments coming next few months. Full information about openings, how to prepare, etc., free. Write immediately for booklet CG1624. Earl Hopkins, Washing-ton, D. C.

STOP THAT DAILY GRIND—TAKE NOSE off grindstone; be no man's slave; punch nobody's time clock. Be your own boss. I start you silvering mirrors, plating tableware, bumpers, fine chandeliers, reflectors, refinish, Sprinkle, Dept. 2, Marion, Ind.

TELEGRAPH AND RAILWAY JOBS OPEN to men-women. $75.60 month. Steady work. Short hours. Promotion; vacation with pay. Write immediately for free list of po-sitions now obtainable. Franklin Institute, Dept. F139, Rochester, N. Y.

GOVERNMENT RAILWAY MAIL, POST OF-fice, rural carrier exams everywhere soon. Get prepared by former Government civil service examiner. Full free. Arthur Roberts, Patterson, Rochester, N. Y.

DON'T PREPARE FOR ANY CIVIL SERV-ice examination without seeing our cata-logue. Columbian Correspondence College, Washington, D. C.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY; travel over world. Experience unneces-sary. European system. Detective Institute, 400 Syndicate, St. Louis.

WANTED, STEADY WORK DAY. MEN EVERY-where. Firemen, brakemen, baggagemen, $120. Colored porters. Experience unneces-sary. 668 Railway Exchange, St. Louis, Mo.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPOR-tunity, good pay, travel. Write Ludwig, 329 Traders Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BEGINNERS $125, railroad fare paid. Railway Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

FIVE BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES TO travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. $25 to $30 per week and expenses paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 88, Omaha, Neb.

FARM LANDS

FREE GOVERNMENT LANDS—OUR OF-ficial 112 page book "Vacant Government Lands" tells where, how to get them. Also in every county in U. S. Tells location, place to apply, how secured, cost, etc. Describes coal lands, new laws, liens, etc. Price 25 cents prepaid. Mark Publishing Co. (Dept. 1081) St Paul, Minn.

FARM LANDS FOR SALE

OWN LAND! IN A SHORT TIME YOU CAN own a farm home! Be your own boss. Only $250 cash required. Then $5 and $4 monthly. Fine Michigan land for general farming, fruit, stock, poultry, potatoes, dairying. Fruit. Near towns, schools, markets. $16 to $25 an acre. Write today for free booklet. George W. Swigart, X1245 First National Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

VIRGINIA, N. C., W. VA., AND OHIO FARMS at $15.00 per acre and up offer big value for the price; close to markets, schools and transportation. Good land and neighbors. Write F. H. Mahaffey, Agt. N. & W. Ry., 248 Arcade, Roanoke, Va.

POOR MAN'S CHANCE—$5 MONTHLY buys 40 acres; 5 miles Ashdown, Ark. Price $200.00. Other bargains. Box 427, Carthage, Mo.

FARMS WANTED

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The Boy Woodsman Or, The Mill Guard

By Milford Merrill

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CHAPTER IV

"ANYONE met Amos with the news: "Keotawbe, him gone up to Waybark wid help to search house."

Keotawbe was the Ottawa chief. He was on a visit to the Indians of this part of Michigan, and was looked up to as a big medicine man by his followers. Amos did not know now of the presence of the chief in the settlement.

He well understood what it meant when Antoine told him that this redman with companions had gone up to call on Waybark with a demand that he be permitted to search his house.

Amos knew Anson Waybark well enough to understand how serious the matter was. If at home he would be insulted, and as he was a man of quick temper, he was more than likely to precipitate trouble. The result would be the redo to search the house he did not believe.

Then, too, there was the possibility that the foreman had not yet returned from Glare Island, in which case the women would be much alarmed over the sudden appearance of a band of painted redskins, demanding entrance into the house. The white boy's brain acted quickly.

"Come along with me, Antoine," he cried. "We must get there before Waybark home as quick as our feet will carry us."

The half-breed seemed to hesitate

"Amos you coming, Antoine?"

"Yes, yes, I come."

The two then started at a rapid run to the road which led to the upper ground above the mill on which the boarding-house stood. The distance by the road was some less than half a mile.

Amos entered into no explanations. He knew Antoine would understand. The two boys made all haste, Amos in the lead, his half-Indian friend easily keeping pace. his light buckskin moccasins making no sound on the soft earth.

There was the mill, still busily humming, with eight stout white men at work under its roof. At the door Amos knew he could depend on old Joe Tevier, the Canadian head sawyer, and his crew. Our boys did not stop, however, to call on the men unless it became absolutely necessary.

Breathless over the brow of the hill at a dead run, Amos saw half a dozen blanketed Indians gathered before the front door of the boarding-house.

Keotawbe, the Ottawa chief, stood on the upper step at the front door, gesticulating as he talked in broken English to the slender, rather tall woman, who stood confronting him in the doorway.

"We come in, make search, white squaw," were the words that greeted the ears of the two approaching boys. Amos could see that Mrs. Wark was considerably agitated, yet seemed firmly to deny the Indians admittance

"You must wait till my husband comes home," she proclaimed.

"Come in now," bluffed the chief, advancing. The woman retreated, closing the door in his face, turning the key in the lock.

At this juncture our two boy friends appeared on the scene. Amos strode forward and demanded to know what the redmen wanted at the house of his friends. In broken English, with many flourishes, the chief conveyed to our hero the fact of stolen sugar, and suspicions of the Indians that the boarding-house keeper was the thief; also that they wished to search the house to satisfy themselves on this point.

"Well," said Amos, facing the Ottawa with apparent confidence, "I think you had better wait till Mr. Waybark returns. He'll be home soon, and maybe he'll let you search. It will be up to him, at any rate. Just now you'd better go back to camp and keep quiet. I know well enough that the gentleman you accuse not take the sugar."

Keotawbe waxed violent in his talk and gesticulations, intimating that the whites might suffer if he and his red allies were not at once admitted into the house. Amos was not to be bullied. He remembered that the mill crew was in calling distance, every man of which was brave and muscular, each ready to defend the property of his employer with his life if need be. To show the least sign of fear would hasten a catastrophe, therefore our boy trapper insisted on the stand he had taken, even daring the Indians to break down the door.

The reds held a confab, talking in their own language in a most violent manner. Amos stood aside with Antoine, watchfully waiting.

"Cut for the mill when they start rough-house," he whispered to his companion. "We'll see if a parcel of redskins is going to rule this roost."

Keotawbe saw the bending over of Amos toward Antoine. noted the quick glances toward the mill in the gully, and his senses returned rather suddenly.

"We go now," said he to Amos. "Come again by-by."

With that the Indians, drawing their blankets about them, filed out of the road, marching in single file on down the hill which led past the mill. A pair of sharp eyes had been watching the movements of the redmen from the open interior of the sawmill—those of Joe Tevier, the head sawyer.

About the time that the Indians were passing the door of the mill, a small, well-set-up, dark-featured man stepped into view, and watched the party on toward the big pond which stretched half a mile westward beyond the dam. In his hand was Joe Tevier's rifle, which he raised to his shoulder, taking deliberate aim at a small glass bottle that sat shining in the sun on the wood pond distant.

Instinctively Keotawbe paused and regarded the movements of the little Canadian, his countenance taking on either side of their chief. With the whiplike crack of the rifle the bottle flew into a million fragments. The shot was a test of marksmanship which even the Indians applauded with a clap of hands.

"Why did you do that?" queried Amos, who, with Antoine, followed not far behind the redmen.

"Can't you guess, my boy?" chuckled the little Frenchman

"The Indians."

"Exactly, the Indians," Tevier quickly ejaculated. "That old buck who heads them would like to get me in trouble. I thought I'd show him we weren't all asleep at Cedar Pond, that's what."

"And they know it, too," laughed Amos. "Of course that was an accident. your smashing the bottle the first shot, Joe."

"Try me again if you think so," and the old fellow stepped behind a pile of lumber, produced a second bottle, which he requested Amos to set up where the first had stood.

Amos had placed the bottle and was retreating, when a sharp rifle crack echoed from the cedar-lined bank of the pond, at least twenty rods distant. The bottle was splintered glass before Joe Tevier had got his eye to the sights of his own gun.

"Thunder and Mars! Who did that?" exclaimed the astonished sawyer, dropping the bottle and looking to the ground, staring at the thicket from whence came the shot.

"An Indian. I'll be bound!" ejaculated Amos.

But his prophecy proved false, since from the cedars stood, and not a tall, lean white figure appeared, bearing a rifle across his shoulder.

"Wal, wasn't that a putty good shot, boys?"

The speaker ran lightly up to where boy and man stood, waiting to be cheered. Wickett, the queer woods rover, whose presence was not to be wondered at, no matter or what part of the

"You beat me out of it," laughed Joe Tevier.

"Wasn't your shot, pard?"

"It was one I had arranged for," declared the sawyer.

The Indians stood all this time regarding the movements of the whites with undoubted interest. Tevier winked knowingly at Amos.

"I reckon," said he, "they'll take heed and mind their business after this. There's more good sense in this settlement than those redskins ever imagined—and they've guns they can use, too."

Antoine, standing near, chuckled at his sleeve, and drew him aside.

"That Tevier man is doing bad," whispered the half-breed.

"How is that, Antoine?" asked Amos, who had a wonderful regard for the mill hand himself. He had proved a man in the right place more than once.

"There's sugar stole, and somebody's guilty. Why not let the Indian search the house? If we don't there'll be bad blood, and—"

The half-breed boy stopped speaking, shaking his head ominously.

"When the boss returns, perhaps it can be arranged," intimated Amos. "Of course it is pure nonsense to accuse Mr. Waybark of stealing. It's possible that some of the boys did it. I'm sorry, of course. When father comes home he'll know how to straighten out things."

Tevier returned to his duties in the mill. Antoine joined the Indians, who moved off toward their encampment, which, by the way, was only a temporary one, that would come to an end after all the sugar-making was over. Every spring the Indians from Pentwater and further up the lake came to Cedar Pond to remain during the sugaring season. The many hundred pounds of maple sweets found housing in birch-bark receptacles of various sizes, averaging about fifty pounds each

This sugar at the end of the season, was shipped to the mouth of the river in birch-bark Mackinac boats, from whence it was transported to Chicago and other ports along the west shore of the big lake. Naturally, the loss of several barks of sugar was keenly felt by the red sugar-makers.

The incident seemed closed for that day. Amos walked back of his father's ground accompanied by lathy Mr. Wickett, who was as talkative as the proverbial magpie.

At the tallrace the net stood waiting for a customer, but the wrapped venison had disappeared. The hound dog, no doubt, had made off with it.

"Nothing for supper, eh?" chuckled Cave, resting the muzzle of his rifle against the ground. "Did ye have any fish?"

"Yes, and they, too, are missing," answered Amos

The boy trapper decided to return to the house. He had chores to do, and his mother would be waiting supper. Cave preferred to keep him company, declaring that he had a night on hand, and must go and prepare his jack

Amos had been brought at the boarding-house to reassure the inmates —Mrs. Waybark and Madge—that there was no immediate danger from the redmen

"I do wish Anson would come," said the woman, "and I wish Joe Tevier of Glare Island to see old Blixy and perhaps get a bark of sugar. He ought to have returned long ago."

Amos hastened home to his mother, there to meet with a somewhat disquieting surprise

CHAPTER V

I GOT word from your father," said Mrs. Rand, when her son hustled into the little cottage.

"And I lost all my fish and a fine ham of venison," returned Amos, making a hideous face. "About father?"

"He will not be home for a week, at least."

"Too blamed bad!" ejaculated the boy. "Why won't he? Is there trouble about selling the lumber?"

The boy dropped into a chair, fanning himself with his hat.

Mrs. Rand, a slender, blue-eyed little woman, with the face of a pretty schoolgirl looked troubled. She was a home body and missed her stalwart husband very much when he was gone even for a day. Here he had been absent three days, and had sent word that they must not look for his return under a week. It was very trying—and this sugar-stealing trouble coming on as it did made matters worse.

"I say, mother," as the little woman stood silent, "why isn't father coming home for a week? Who fetched the news? Dutch William, I'll bet."

"Yes, it was Dutch William."

"Where is he now?"

"Gone on up the river; he is going to The Forks, he told me."

"Did he fetch a letter?"

"Just a note," and the woman placed a soiled bit of foolscap in the hand of her son, who read:

"Don't look for me till next week Friday. Important business has called me city. ISAAC."

"Well, I'll be jollied!" from Amos. The boy frowned and bit his lip. "It looks," said he, "as if I'd get to work this sugar-stealing scrape myself. I'll do it, all right. I'll talk with Mr. Waybark."

Mrs. Rand had heard about the trouble the Indians were having over lost sugar; had seen the redmen gathered at the boarding-house door, and the latter thing was scarcely twenty rods distant from her own home. She saw the reds depart and her son filled with ire. It was while borrowing a lot of trouble on this account that Dutch William, a jolly fellow trader, came in and left word that he'd note announcing his intention to remain in Chicago another week.

Amos was relieved to hear that he could superintend things while the elder Rand was absent, and that he, with the advice and the assistance of the woman, would be able to smooth out all the wrinkles.

The boy half suspected that a white man had something to do with inspiring the Ottawas to make trouble. He remembered that there were some parties keen to buy land that his father had beaten them to the lotta land office to obtain. Pine was scarce these days, while not so valuable as in later times, were yet very much sought after by speculators from the East. Major Rand was far-seeing enough to see a great future for those who could afford to hold timber, as the land was cheap and still in hands of the Government

He had lately come into possession of nearly three thousand acres of standing white pine which several Eastern capitalists had been looking up. The fact that the shrewd Maine Yankee had got in ahead nettled the land-buyers in no small degree, all of which was known to our boy hero.

Several days passed without further trouble from the Indians. They would soon be moving from their break camp and return to Pentwater. Amos was glad of this, hoping that the sugar-stealing was over. Mr. Waybark had so far swallowed his pride as to go to the Indians and assure them that he had no hand in the disappearance of their sugar. In

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fact, he had been down to Glare Island and bought two large barks of St. Peter, better known as Bilxy, for his own use. He was willing to aid in finding the thieves, but they must not expect him to permit searching his house.

"That," said he, "is an indignity that I shall not permit."

Amos went down among the Indians. He met Studfield, who still hung about the neighborhood for some unknown purpose. The talkative man seemed to have a smattering of the Indian language at his tongue end and his friendly chats with the squaws and papooses seemed to please the red brothers of the wood mightily.

Keokuna departed from the camp on the day following the Indian visit to the boarding-house, evidently having concluded that it would not pay him to start an Indian outbreak just yet.

Amos had no great fear of the reds. His genial mother, however, was very much troubled over the situation, and confided her fears to her son.

"I haven't forgotten the stories grandmother told me of the Indian massacres in Maine," said she to her son, "in the days when old Joe Wier traversed the forest wreaking vengeance on the savages for the murder of his wife and family.

"Oh, well," laughed the boy, "that was a hundred years ago. There are no such Indians nowadays, mother."

"Why shouldn't there be? Not in Maine, of course, but out here in Michigan. Where the white settlers are few and the Indians in a majority I feel that we may have another Indian massacre at any time."

"Has somebody been talking to you, mother?"

"Nobody but Mr. Studfield."

"Oh, I see! Mr. Studfield!" and the boy threw up his hands in mock disgust. "Don't you take any stock in what that fellow says, mother dear. He's nothing but a mischief-maker, anyhow. I'll have to look after his doings and find out what he means by trying to frighten the women. Why, only an hour ago, Mrs. Waybark told me Studfield had warned her to keep close at home while the reds were in their present angry mood over that accursed Indian Independence."

"He seems to be a very refined gentleman, Amos."

"Refined fiddlesticks! What did he say to you, mommer?"

"I can't just remember all that he said. He wanted to see the Major most of anything."

"What did he want to see father for?"

"About buying land."

"He buy land—that man!" exclaimed Amos, with a snort, muttering, "I think Andy Studfield has money to buy land?" The ring of incredulity in her son's voice did not pass unnoticed by the mother.

"I don't suppose he meant to buy with his own money, Amos," she explained; "but he may represent men that have plenty of it. Agents, you know, often do the bargaining for their superiors."

"Of course," agreed the boy. "But what in the nation is this fellow currying favor with the reds for? That has nothing to do with pine lands that I can see. If father were here he might penetrate this man's designs, I confess I can't."

"Designs, son? What do you mean by that?"

"Oh, what I said. Studfield is up to some rascality; of that I am confident. Didn't I see him engaged in a drunken row not long ago, down on Glare Island? I imagine he makes the women believe he is a pattern of sweet humility. No, there's nothing saintly about Andy Studfield, mother, not a thing. He'll bear watching."

The mother sighed and went about her work. It was a nice spring morning, all nature seeming to vie with humanity in trying to be gay.

Amos was distinctly not satisfied. This man Studfield had come to Cedar Pond for a distinct purpose, one that was, the boy instinctively felt, in no nature. Passing from the house, the boy ran over to the Waybark home. The foreman was just emerging from the woodshed with a rifle across his arm. Anson Waybark was a man above medium height, with a strongly limned countenance and eyes of inky blackness. He wore a heavy mustache without chin beard.

Hello!" exclaimed the foreman, on seeing Amos. "Busy this morning, son?"

"Not at all. What's in the wind?

"Get the gun and come along with me, Amos."

"Going after deer?"

"Not particularly," returned Waybark. "A boy reported scaring up a bear down on the Creek, an hour ago, while he was looking after some traps. I thought it might be a good idea to get that bear, Will you go?"

"You bet, yes," and the boy ran back after the rifle.

Man and boy skirted the edge of Cedar Pond, climbing the bluff, passing thru a belt of timber, finally reaching a point high above both pond and river. Looking down thru the trees Amos could see several forms moving about on the flat, the river, and not far from the Indian encampment. Several large Mackinac boats were drawn up on the shore not far away, to which the squaws were carrying barks of freshly-made maple sugar.

"The reckless are getting ready to vamose," laughed Mr. Waybark.

"It looks that way," agreed Amos.

"That trouble about sugar rather stirred 'em up. Do you know, boy, they had a notion to get mad because I wouldn't let 'em go thru my house in a search for what they had lost!"

"Oh, yes," said Amos. "I knew something about that. I was surprised that they let you off so easy. I feared there might be trouble. Some of the leading bucks were quite angry; old Tigerface is dangerous, too, when he's been abused, you know."

Laughing grimly, Waybark strode on his way, not offering to enter into an explanation of how he stood off the pestiferous redmen.

That bear hunt proved valueless. It turned out that the boy had not seen bruin after all, only his track, which, when Amos saw it, fetched an amused laugh to his lips.

Waybark and the boy reached the flat ground near the mouth of Stag Creek, and there saw a track in the muddy soil which an old settler said was what Jimmy Dent saw, reporting from this the presence of a bear in the neighborhood.

"What do you make of it?" and Anson Waybark vented a long whistle.

"Well, of all things!" laughed Amos. "Well, I'll be hanged! What's the game?"

An amused glitter shot from the eyes of the speaker.

"Not today," gurgled the boy trapper. "That bear lives over on the Tamarack, sir. You know him, I'll be bound."

"Then it's a bear!"

"Stoop down, Mr. Waybark; examine the track closely, and tell me what you make out."

The big foreman did as his boy friend requested. After a minute given to close scrutiny, he arose, his face with a great roar of merriment.

"Shall we show it, sir?"

"Of course not. We are sold, Amos—that's the track of a human."

"Yes," said the boy, "track of old half-witted Doremud, the hermit."

Boy and man skirted about the vicinity, finally finding where the party had come and to the Indian landing, which was now completely deserted.

"So the redskins have left, eh?" remarked Waybark. "It is just as well. I reckon we have heard the last of that stolen sugar."

"I hope we have."

With the departure of the redmen all danger of an attack was deemed removed. Mr. Waybark went home, while Amos hunted on up the river, hoping to meet up with a deer or two. He returned late, bringing down a couple of black squirrels, after which he turned his steps homeward.

Down across the dam, up to the door of his home, went the boy trapper, feeling very pleased over the departure of the troublesome Ottawas.

The trouble was not wholly over, however, as the sequel shows.

Amos was in the parlor, whistling as he entered the house. In the sitting-room his mother sat at her sewing, handkerchiefs to her eyes, weeping softly.

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this interesting story. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the best class of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly. If you are not doing so, You will not regret it.

POINT OF VIEW.

Two men there were of some renown,
Americans were they;
But one was born in Frisco town,
While one from Boston came:
And when they met in Omaha
With insular delight
They argued long, and neither saw
The other's point aright!

The Boston man his dictum hurled
With words of learned means—
"The greatest things in all the world
Are culture, cults and beans!
The Frisco man, his mortal grown,
Turned up his nose at these—
"The greatest things the world has known
Are sand flats, scraps and fleas!"
While each his town without a flaw
Described with lovine care,
In came a man from Omaha
And barked at them both there:
Then to himself, with quiet mirth,
He murmured, "Can't they see?
The greatest things in all the earth
Are Omaha—and me!"

Brotherly Attentions.

"You were at the Summer Circle dance, weren't you, Alice?" asked Ethel. Alice nodded.

"Why, what's the matter? Didn't you have a good time? Whom did you go with?"

"I went with Ivy."

"How perfectly splendid it is to have two brothers; and I haven't any."

"Oh, I wouldn't feel bad about it, if I were you," returned 17-year-old Alice. "Brothers are not unmixed blessings. The fact is, I don't know anything more exasperating at times than a brother. The night of the Summer Circle dance I wished mine were both in Jericho."

"And yet Ivy took you. I don't understand."

"Well, listen! You know Bob had been pursuing Ruth Spencer all summer, and because she was out of town he invited me to go. No one else seemed likely to ask me, so of course I said I'd go with him, altho I took good care to inform him that I knew why he so honored me.

"The night of the party I had just put on the perfectly sweet pink-and-white organdy that I had begged mamma to buy for me for the occasion when the maid came upstairs and told me that Charlie Lane had come to take me to the dance.

"To take me?" I exclaimed. 'Why, he hasn't invited me, and, besides, I'm going with Bob.'

"'It's all right, Alice,' said Bob, coming into my room. 'I arranged with Charlie to take you tonight, after all. I knew you wouldn't mind, sis.'

"'Well, I do mind,' I answered hotly. 'I won't go with him.'

"'You won't go with him? You'll have to, Alice. You like Charlie all right, don't you?'

"'I don't like either of you. I don't know what makes you boys think I can be passed around like a bothersome bundle. If Charlie wanted me to go to the dance with him why didn't he ask me? You asked him so you could take Ruth, who has just come home, I suppose.'

"'Be careful, Alice, he'll hear you,' warned Bob.

"'I don't care if he does. Anyway, I'm going to tell him that I won't go.' I flew downstairs, but when I got to the parlor door I walked in slowly and bowed ever so slightly to Charlie.

"'I'm sorry,' I said, with dignity, 'that you troubled yourself to come for me, as I can't go with you.'

"'Why, why not, Alice?'

"'Because I don't care to be tossed around like a leftover at some kind. You should have known better than to expect me to go with you when you didn't even bother to invite me.'

"'But—but, I thought you understood. I thought you would explain, and, of course, I was glad to accompany—'

"'Yes, it is sweet of you to do Bob a favor,' I interrupted sarcastically, 'but as it happens I have no engagement.' Then I turned and went slowly upstairs while he was pounding on the door and begging sorry and didn't think I'd take it that way.

"In a few minutes Bob came along and said he wished mother were home to make me behave. I made no reply, and Bob finally went off muttering. Not until he could take my camera camping with him next week he consented to go if I would promise to dance any.

"And Charlie Lane was at the party! I was dancing with one of the Hanson boys when I saw him, and you may be sure that if he was suffering from the heat my bow must have cooled him off considerably. I saw Charlie Lane, notwithstanding the fact that Bob glared at me every time he came my way, but when the dance was over I couldn't find By anywhere.

"I waited until every one had left and the lights were turned out on the lights. Then I went out on the porch, wondering what in the world I'd do, and Charlie Lane was sitting there smoking a cigarette.

"'Have you lost something?' he inquired casually.

"'Have you seen By?' I returned coldly.

"'Yes. He went with another kid over to the lake for a swim.'

"'He did! Why, he ought to be here to take me home.'

"'Yes, he ought, but I don't believe he will for quite a while. He said that I should walk home with you, if he didn't get back in time.'

"'Well, I like that,' I gasped, and then I began to cry.

"'Don't feel bad, Alice, and don't blame By. I—I suppose that I shouldn't have come back, because—well, you see I wanted a chance to say a few things to you.'

"'And then what?' inquired Ethel, breathlessly.

"I let him say, of course. There wasn't anything else to do, and, besides he told me that Bob couldn't help him do well as having me wished on him because he is always afraid to ask me to go to places where there are any lively dancers, because he thinks I'd rather go with—'

"Oh, he isn't so slow after all, is he?"

A Heckler Heckled.

The late Dr. W. R. Thomas, who was Pierpont Morgan's rector at Highland Falls, did not believe in Socialism, and in Socialistic arguments he often exercised his trenchant wit to advantage.

A Highland Falls man once interrupted Doctor Thomas in an address to shout:

"If we all had equal opportunities——"

But here Doctor Thomas in his turn interrupted, replying quickly:

"We should not all be equal to them."

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THE FAIRY CORNER

PA TOOK A CHANCE.

We been a-livin' on the farm at gran'pas house. I have to laugh
Each time I think of pa an' how he went to feed the Holstein calf.
Pa had on a white flannel coat and what he called his "ice cream pants."
That mornin', too, he said he thought a man was takin' quite a chance
To wear such things outside of town; an' gran'pa said he thought so, too.
Then gran'pa said: "Well, I can't stop a-talkin' here, I've work to do."
Pa ast him: "Can't I help you none?" An' gran'pa answered with a laugh:
"I think I'll mix a mess o' stuff an' let you feed the Holstein calf."

An' so he mixed a pail o' milk an' bran an' made it kind o' hot.
An' pa went trampin' off with it to take it to the pasture lot
Where the calf's at; an' gran'pa stood an' watched him go, an' I went, too;
An' pa let down the middle bar an' took the pail an' scrambled thru.
An' here the calf come, tail straight out an' quiverin', with its delight!
It drinked a little, then it give the pail a bunt with all its might!
Well, pa's feet caught an' he fell back thru that hole he left in the fence,
An' I just laughed until I cried, as if I didn't have no sense!

Pa looked so funny! Milk an' bran was on his clothes an' in his eyes,
An' he just gasped an' sat there till he had got over his surprise;
An' then he looked around at me, an' then he looked up at the calf,
An', say, you ought to have been there just to hear my gran'father laugh!
At last pa grinned a little bit, an' then he said: "That was some spill!
I'd make a fortune if I could do such an act in vaudeville!"
An' now his "ice cream pants" is hung out in the shed behind the door—
They'll do for gran'pa's overalls, tho pa says they're no good no more.

A SPELLING BOOK.

When Ethel was 6 years old her mother thought it was quite time that Ethel should begin to learn something, so she bought her some pencils and paper and blank books and a ruler and an eraser and sent her to school.

Ethel had never been to school before, so she found it all very new and interesting. She sat in a very uncomfortable seat behind a desk several sizes too large for her and peeked over the top with awe at the teacher, who, pointer in hand, was instructing four small boys as to the spelling of c-a-t, r-a-t, d-o-g, etc. The desk was a small one, but Ethel was a very small girl, and when she sat bolt upright her chin just came to the top of the level plane on which were spread new primer and slate and pencil. When she leaned back and tried to touch the floor with her heels her little curly head sank down till the teacher had to come closer to the desk and peer over to be sure that her latest charge was still there.

Ethel had had her first lesson. She knew her a, b, c's and had proudly told her teacher of it, with the added information that her Aunt Alice had taught them to her on almost the same kind of a blackboard at home, only smaller. Yet when the teacher had written a long line of letters and had pointed at different ones she had been utterly unable to tell which they were. The teacher did not make her letters like Aunt Alice, in the first place, and in the second place she began at the wrong end of the row. Beginning with a, Ethel could rattle off all the letters almost without looking at them, but this way was entirely new, and so she had been sent back to her seat and the first page of her primer had been opened before her with its lines of written letters, and now she was looking at them with all her might, so as to be able to tell the teacher which was which when the time came for her to be heard again.

Soon the class of small boys was succeeded by a class in geography, for this was a district school. There was a big stove in the middle of the room and benches down the side between the teacher's desk and the stove, where the reciting classes sat. Ethel was not interested in geography and so she turned all her attention on her book, and soon began to see what those letters really meant. She saw the word c-a-t and there appeared a pussy just like her own Maltese tabby at home, only a little lighter in color, and she could look right thru the cat's eyes and see the other letters on the page behind it. She was marveling at its beauty when she saw it give a little jump right in front of her.

"Meow!" said the Cat, switching its tail around and sitting upright on the book as soon as she saw Ethel noticed her. "So you're the new girl. I hope you will have an easier time learning how to spell me than the little boys who started in the other day. They had a horrible time, my dear, and would persist in getting an r for my first letter instead of a c. R-a-t, you know, spells rat, and I detest them. They keep the rat on the same page with me, but the mice, which I would eat if I had the chance, are kept safely over on the four letter page, which you will come to in a week or two. I like the Pig and the Dog and the Cow and the Hen which we have on this page very much. None of us likes the Rat, but I suppose as long as they spell rat with three letters he will have to stay."

"Yes," said another voice, rather high at first, Elsie thought, "the Rat is a trial, but it isn't half as bad as being put on the same page with a Bug you can't eat, and to know that right next door, on the four-letter page, is a Worm that would be just lovely for one's dinner," and the cutest little Hen that Elsie had ever seen strutted up and down the page and almost crowded the Cat off.

Mrs. Bug—"Now, John, paddle right along upstairs for your hot foot bath and that cold will be gone by morning."

"The Pig is discontented, too, because the milk is all on the next page, and the Cow wants her Calf, which they have put over there, too. I wish the people who make the books would put us where we belong, with our friends and with the things we like, instead of putting us according to our names, just because children are dull. The Dog is the only one satisfied, because the Pup is here, too." Just then the Dog came barking over the pages, with the little Pup running at his side, and the Pig ran up and scared the Hen so that she fluttered, and the Cat boxed the Pup's ears for falling over her tail, and the whole proceeding made Ethel laugh right out loud.

The next minute the teacher was lifting her up in her seat and saying: "Why, Ethel, you've been asleep all during this geography lesson, when I thought you were studying your letters."

After Ethel had had a drink of water she went back to her seat and looked all over the page, trying to find the animals that had amused her so, but they wouldn't come back.

EXACTLY.

A teacher was trying to impress her pupils with the proper inflection in reading. She wrote this sentence, "Where are you going?" on the board and asked Tommy to read it. Tommy read "Where are you going"—no inflection. She had him do it again. There was no change. "Now, Tommy," she said, "look carefully at that sentence and see if you don't notice some difference between it and the others we've had. Be sharp now and read it again."

Tommy wriggled back and forth in an effort to be "sharp" and then the light of knowledge shone forth from his eyes and he read: "Where are you going, little buttonhook?"

UNNECESSARY.

"I hope you didn't ask for a second piece of pie when you were over at Johnny Smith's to dinner," said his mother.

"No, ma'am, I didn't," said Charles. "I just asked Mrs. Smith for the recipe so you could make some pie like it, and she gave me another piece without my asking for it at all."

FISHING.

Supposin' fish don't bite at first,
What are you goin' to do?
Throw down your pole, chuck out your bait,
And say your fishin's thru?
You bet you ain't; you're goin' to fish,
And fish, and fish, and wait
Until you've catched a basketful,
Or used up all your bait.

Supposin' success don't come at first,
What are you goin' to do?
Throw up the sponge and kick yourself,
And growl and fret, and stew?
You bet you ain't; you're goin' to bait
And bait, and bait ag'in,
Until success holds on your hook,
For grit is sure to win.

STORIES ABOUT DOGS.

Everybody who loves dogs would enjoy two of the little volumes that are to be seen on the booksellers' tables, and each of them could be read in an hour. "Stickeen," John Muir's dog, followed his master into all sorts of dangerous situations and no motion picture ever depicted anything more thrilling than the way he climbed a precipice. The dog's intelligence and nerve seem unreal, but it is understood that Mr. Muir's story is true to life and to fact.

The other story, "Greyfriar's Bobby," is the account of a wee doggie who had slept winter and summer on the grave of his shepherd master, "Auld Jock." The book is the third honor given him, the first being the "freedom of the city of Edinburgh," granted by the lord provost, and the second a monument in the form of a drinking fountain, with a bronze figure of Bobby on a central pillar, whence it overlooks the famous cemetery, Greyfriars. Bobby was a dog with a boundless affection that overcame hunger and cold; he was devoted and loyal. Stickeen may not have been so big-hearted, tho he, too, was affectionate, but he had courage and ingenuity, and he knew how to take a risk and get thru it safely.

But stories about dogs are not altogether modern. Pliny tells one of a dog whose master, a slave, had been put to death by the Roman Emperor Nero. He would not leave his master's body and when a citizen offered him meat he laid it down by the man's mouth. Even when the body was thrown into the Tiber he swam after it and tried to keep it from sinking.

The dog of Ulysses passed the years of his master's absence neglected and friendless, and he was old and blind when his friend returned from his adventures. When he heard the familiar voice, the storymakers tell us, he expressed his delight and died at his master's feet. "Rab and His Friends" is almost a classic story, and Sir Walter Scott has made us acquainted with another Scotch dog—his hound, Maida. Dickens, too, pictures a dog, Diogenes, the guardian of Florence Dombey, and Irving has made Schneider as familiar as Rip Van Winkle himself.

DIPLOMACY.

Billy was sending out invitations to his birthday party.

"I don't think I would mention the birthday," advised his mother. "It looks so much like asking for a present."

To this Billy demurred violently, but was finally persuaded to yield the point. For a long time he thought deeply. Then, solving the problem, he asked:

"Well, mother, we won't say anything about the birthday, but don't you think we might put the picture of a cake with candles at the top of the paper?"

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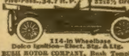
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2204 Auto Bldg., 687-89-91 Woodward Ave, Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

Chicago Ledger

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By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 50 cents for six months, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger promptly mailed. Always give the dates desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address. Price 5 cents per copy.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For Display, $2.50 each Agate Line; for Classified, 25 cents a word, per insertion for circulation of the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined. These two weeklies have an average circulation of

5,000,000

READERS WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS

Conscience is the watchdog which barks at sin.

Poker keeps more men awake nights than brain fag.

Learn to do with diligence what you would do with ease.

And kissing is responsible for a good deal of heart trouble.

The bee is never too busy to administer a stinging rebuke.

One thing a woman is willing to undergo is a new bonnet.

Some men join the ranks of benedicts voluntarily, and some have to be drafted.

A baby makes the home a happy place at all times—and more so when it's asleep.

The less you talk, the less likely you are to choke if compelled to swallow your words.

Contentment is a virtue, but even in the matter of virtues one should beware of counterfeits.

One of the things a man can't understand is why his enemies seem to have so many friends.

Marrying a man to reform him is like trying to make a satisfactory omelet out of a bad egg.

The smile of a good woman will do a man more good than a dozen handed him by the bartender.

It doesn't take much courage for a man to call his wife down occasionally—if she is upstairs.

A man's ability to say no at the right time is of more use to him than his ability to quote Latin.

The belle in the church choir calls more young men to worship than the church bell in the steeple.

No matter how loose the engagement ring may be, the diamond never slips around out of sight on a girl's finger.

The man who believes that two can live as cheaply as one never had to reckon with milliners and dressmakers.

Son, learn wisdom from the tailor. When he transacts business with a man he starts by taking the man's measure.

Some people do not believe in the efficacy of prayer because they get what they deserve instead of what they ask for.

It is reported that an Ohio temperance advocate refused to have his portrait painted unless it was done in water colors.

An Arkansas man was recently bitten by a mule with fatal results. This merely shows that the mule is dangerous at both ends.

It is about as easy to be popular with yourself and please the neighbors at the same time as it is to sit on a barbed-wire fence.

Love may be blind, but it's foolish to attempt to work off a paste diamond on a girl under the impression that you have her hypnotized by your good looks.

Home and Health

FASHION NOTES.

There are evening shoes of white moire.

Chiffon velvet is always smart in evening coats.

We now have rubberized flowers for our motor bonnets.

Marine blue and navy blue will be combined with beige, stone and fawn color.

There are some effective gloves for street wear for heavy cream kid, bound with brown and stitched with brown.

Jabots are back in favor. But they are never the skimpy jabots of yesterday. They are of cascade variety, designed especially to be worn with a suit of the incroyable order.

A reversible coat is sure to prove a blessing to the woman with limited means and many engagements. The coat in question is of black satin lined with white silk. It can be worn inside out when one desires.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Mattresses should be sunned as often as possible; this makes them sweet and free from germs.

Cold left-over mashed potatoes may be made into an attractive dish by baking in a buttered dish with a sprinkling of grated cheese on top.

When mixing mustard add a pinch each of salt and moist sugar, and mix with boiling water. It will keep moist much longer and improve in flavor.

When a head of lettuce or a bunch of celery comes in from market clean it at once, wrap it in a cloth and put it in the icebox. It will be ready and crisp when you want it.

Ink spots get ingrained in the wood of an oak desk in a very short time, so remove them if possible when they are new. The best way to do it is by putting spirits of wine on the stain, then allowing it to remain for some time before rubbing off.

When the side electric bulb is just a trifle too glaring in the work which you are doing, or if it shines too brightly in a bedroom where a softer glow is desired, just fix over it a plain manila envelope of business size over the bulb. The fact that you have to press the envelope at the ends to make it go far enough to be slipped over the bulb gives it enough resistance to keep it in place. Of course this is only a slightly shade, but it answers the purpose when a soft light is required in a hurry.

HEALTH NOTES.

The early morning is the best time for outdoor exercise.

The main object in brushing the hair is to cleanse and stimulate the scalp and to clean and render smooth and glossy the hair. Correct brushing is a valuable form of massage of the skin.

When the eyes are weak a green shade prevents the glare from striking in. Clerical workers, as a rule, use this protection both for shading the eyes and keeping the muscles of the face in a relaxed condition. The same precaution should be taken by needleworkers.

When the mouth or gums feel sore or oversensitive, rinse them with a mixture of two ounces of lime water, cream of lime. Always remember that brushing the teeth is only the first half of the cleansing operation, and that no particles that lodge in the crevices of the teeth are not removed by the brush as quickly as by the use of a good wash.

NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

Substantial hangers can be made for nightgowns, petticoats, blouses and other clothes by selecting a short chain at the proper length.

The bungalow housewife will welcome the gift of some envelope needle cases. They are six and one-half inches square, of unbleached muslin embroidered in blocks of bright colored, blue and green, arranged in an artistic border. On the back the holder opens with an envelope flap that is fastened with a button and loop, and inside is slipped a pad of Canton flannel. The squares work up quickly in coarse floss and the holders are easily washed and are a gay touch for the kitchen.

Has it ever occurred to the women who delight in handsome silk underwear garments for themselves or for gifts that lace is not a necessary finish, or that even the popular hemstitching and picoting may be dispensed with? The answer to the question "What shall we substitute?" is the wheeled edge. Very lovely effects in soft silk crochet can be accomplished with the crochet hook. Any simple edge will answer the purpose, but do not make the mistake of making the edge too wide. It is intended merely as a finish and not as a trimming. Use a rather fine silk and hook, and work your edge right into the silk. If you find that the crochet hook tears the silk or spreads the threads, buttonhole finely all around the edges of the garment and use this as a foundation for your crochet. A pink edge on blue or a blue on pink or blue and pink on white each makes an attractive finish which costs far less than lace and is more durable.

RECIPES.

CHEESE PATTIES—One pound of cheese, one-half cup butter, two and a half cups of flour, one-half teaspoonful salt, two eggs, beaten thoroly; then add other ingredients. Roll out about as thick as pie crust; cut out and bake in a hot oven to a golden brown.

VEAL BALLS.—Eight ounces of cold cooked veal, three ounces of bacon fried, two tablespoonfuls of cream, three ounces of grated roll, one tablespoon of chopped parsley, pepper and salt. Pass the meat and bacon twice thru the mincing machine. Stir grated roll into cream, add egg, salt, pepper and parsley, and lastly the meat, mixing all thoroly. Form into balls the size of a nut, boil for five minutes in soup and serve hot.

HEAVY FRENCH DRESSING—A half teaspoonful of salt, a quarter teaspoonful of pepper, six tablespoonfuls of olive oil, two drops of tabasco sauce, four drops of onion juice, a scant teaspoonful of mustard sauce; beat with an egg beater, adding slowly the juice of one lemon. Continue beating for ten minutes, then add slowly a tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar, beat five minutes more and set away in a cold place until ready for use. Just before using stir thoroly with a fork, and if a little thick add another tablespoonful of butter.

1917 Spring Suit Free A WONDERFUL 5 DAYS ONLY OFFER.

If you are a live wide-awake man we want you to get one of our elegant Spring suits, made to YOUR measure, absolutely FREE. All we ask you to do is to wear it, show it to your friends and take a few orders for our high grade, Made-to-Measure clothes.

$25 EXTRA A WEEK AND YOUR OWN CLOTHES FREE

Does it look good to you for a little spare time? Write at once or send a postal and we will tell you all about it. Don't delay. Write today. We will send you FREE a large assortment of cloth samples and the finest line of stylish fashion plates.

NOTHING LIKE IT EVER OFFERED

Be the first in your town to get one of these suits free and have your clothes. Costs us a new and better plan. Write at once. Be the first in your town to get a FREE suit.

SPENCER MEAD COMPANY Dept. 1523 CHICAGO

UNIFORMS

Base Ball, Band, Bell-Boys, Ushers, Firemen, W. O. W., Etc. *Catalog and samples free*

Mention Kind Wanted.

Western Uniform Co.

202 S. Clark St. CHICAGO

BASEBALL OUTFIT FREE

A combination of big catcher's mitt, fielder's glove, catcher's mask, protector, shin guards and rubber center ball, big league style, or fine chest protector or complete suit, including shirt, pants, cap and belt, good quality, any size. Send name and we will send you 12 sets of our pictures to sell among your friends at 10 cents per set. When sold send us the money and we will send you outfit as described. Write today for picture of outfit in the game at once.

M. O. SEITZ, 5M51, Chicago

$1.50

8 YEAR GUARANTEE

Send us $1.50 and watch will be sent by mail postpaid, or send $1.00 for two and we will send both. Order today as this offer may not appear again. Address R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 836 So. Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

Sample Watch Free

Genuine full standard size railroad style watch with locomotive on dial and long distance movement, stem wind and set, fully GUARANTEED for 5 YEARS. Sells regularly in retail stores at $5.00; here it is yours free. Genuine American make, stem wind and set, fully GUARANTEED for 5 YEARS. To advertise our business and introduce this wonderful watch we will give away absolutely free, with each watch, a solid gold ring, guaranteed not to wear green, and we will send you 12 sets of our pictures to sell among your friends at 10 cents per set. When sold send us the money and we will send you outfit as described. Write today for picture of watch in the game at once.

M. O. SEITZ, 5M51, Chicago

176,721 LONE SCOUTS

Lone Scout Indian

In 77 Weeks 176,721 Boys have taken the following pledge as members of Lone Scouts of America:

"I pledge my allegiance to my flag and the nation for which it stands, with liberty and justice for all. I will 'Do a Useful Thing Each Day,' and be worthy of the name, Lone Scout."

The Lone Scouts of America was incorporated in Washington, District of Columbia, in 1915. At the first meeting of the incorporators, by-laws were adopted and W. D. Boyce was elected Chief Totem. The Lone Scout took the pledge on October 25, 1915.

1 The Lone Scouts of America is for all wide-awake, ambitious boys everywhere. Any boy who will understand the pledge is eligible to membership. The pledge is so worded as to make the organization world-wide, including any boy living under some other flag besides the United States flag. The Lone Scouts of America encourages patriotism, but is not a military organization in any sense.

2 The purpose of the Lone Scouts of America is to give the boys all the advantages of the Boy Scout movement which was started in the United States by W. D. Boyce, Chief Totem of the Lone Scouts) while permitting them to operate alone if it is not convenient for them to belong to Tribes. Woodcraft and Scouting are only a part of the instruction. The Lone Scout motto is: "Do a Useful Thing Each Day." Every boy who lives up to this motto is going to be a successful man.

3 There are no membership dues or fees to pay; no expensive equipment for boys or their parents to buy. The Lone Scouts of America is not a money-making proposition. The organization is supported by the sale of its weekly magazine, "Lone Scout," in which instructions are given the Scouts. "Lone Scout" sells at wholesale for 5 cents a copy. Subscription rates, 25 cents four months, 75 cents a year.

4 As a member progresses in his Scout work he is awarded Degrees with appropriate Badges, and these Degrees make up Lodges. Badges of the first three Degrees (Tepee Lodge) are shown on the left. After the Tepee Lodge comes the Totem Pole. A member boy in this Lodge is entitled to put up a Lone Scout Totem Pole, upon which is placed a record of his Degrees.

5 In applying for membership, fill out the Application Blank given below, and send it with 5-cent stamps to

W. D. BOYCE, Chief Totem,

500 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

CUT OUT HERE

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

CHIEF TOTEM, 500 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Date.....1917

I am ready, with consent of my parents or guardian, to take the Lone Scout Pledge, which I have read. Herewith find 2 cents in stamps to pay for mailing Certificate of Membership in the Lone Scouts of America, First Degree Instructions and Tribe Booklist.

Name..... Age.....

Town..... State.....

st. No., P. O., or R. F. D.....

Ledger Embroidery

We call the attention of every woman to the beauty of the patterns displayed from week to week, and wish to impress upon each one the splendid quality of material that makes our offer a great bargain in every case. Every offer is complete. You can finish it up without buying anything extra. These designs are stamped on the best quality cloth, and every set comes to you complete, exactly as described. You are sure to find many articles that you want if you watch the Ledger each week, and it is so easy to get them. Any person can get one or all of the designs shown by sending us the amount of subscriptions to either the Chicago Ledger or Saturday Blade, required in the description under each article.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Either the Chicago Ledger or Saturday Blade $1.00 a year each; 6 months for 50 cents. The Blade and Ledger together $1.50 a year (52 issues); 6 months for 75 cents; 4 months 50 cents.

.....CUT THIS OUT AND SEND WITH ORDER.....

CHICAGO LEDGER, 800-814 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.
Embroidery Department:—
Enclosed please find $.....for.....subscription to
the.....(Name Time)
(Ledger or Blade or Both)
embroidery outfit No.....Please send me free of all cost the

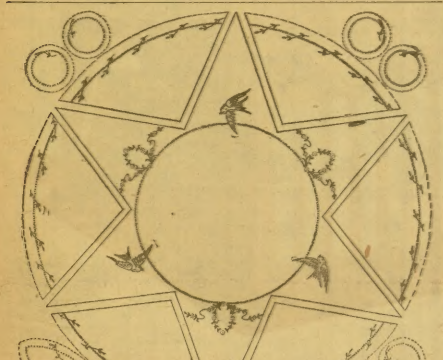
NAME .....

P. O. .....

Street No. or R. F. D. .....

Town .....State.....

This is a.....Subscription.
(New or Renewal)

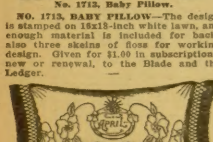


No. 5068, Diamond-shaped Luncheon Set.

NO. 5068, DIAMOND-SHAPED LUNCHEON SET.—The hostess entertaining at luncheon or afternoon tea will thoroly enjoy the use of this unusual set of linens, showing the bluebirds. This set consists of a diamond-shaped lunch cloth, 34x34 inches; six doilies, 4x4 inches; tray cloth, 4x10 inches; and six 10-inch napkins, all of which are plainly stamped in blue on white linen. We also include six skeins of embroidery floss in this offer. Given for $1.50 in subscriptions to the Blade and the Ledger.

No. 1713, Baby Pillow.

NO. 1713, BABY PILLOW—The design is stamped on 18x18-inch white lawn, and enough material is included for back; also three skeins of floss for working design. Given for $1.00 in subscriptions, new or renewal, to the Blade and the Ledger.



No. 5060, Birth Month Pillow Top.

NO. 5060, BIRTH MONTH PILLOW TOP.—The latest and most striking birth month design pillow top you ever saw on 17x21-inch tan ticking. Remember there are no two designs alike in this offer. For instance, if your request is for a "July Birth Month Pillow" it will be tinted in exact colors, symbolic of the birthstone and flower of that month, and so on. We also include in this offer a back and four skeins of colored floss for working design. Your choice of any birth month pillow top complete for a one year's subscription to the Blade or the Ledger at $1.00. State the month you wish.

No. 5071, Child's Dress.

NO. 5071, CHILD'S DRESS.—Latest pattern, the design is stamped on 1¼ yards of white lawn or nainsook. We include three skeins of cotton floss for embroidering design. Sent for $1.50 in subscriptions, new or renewal, to the Blade and the Ledger.

No. 4048, Corset Cover.

NO. 4048, CORSET COVER.—This modish corset cover is stamped on a fine quality of white nainsook, and we include three skeins of cotton floss for working the design. This will be sent for a year's subscription, new or renewal, $1.00, to the Blade or the Ledger.

* * *

Many Doomed.

"There should be a national holiday called Junk day, when every house, barn, shed, garage, etc., should be relieved of all its junk."

"That's right, old man, but do you realize how little there would be left of many a happy home?"

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles as the prescription othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

PATTERN COUPONS FREE!

Hundreds of Patterns to Select From

The great difficulty in making one's own garments is to get suitable patterns. Our women readers could make many pretty and useful things for themselves and their children if they could get well-made patterns. We have arranged to give our readers a pattern service unequalled.

We have a splendid offer of the best and most fashionable patterns that can be produced by the greatest designers of New York and Paris, and what is more, these patterns will be within the reach of every one, and every one will have a wide selection to choose from. Read our splendid offer below.

9396 One-Piece Gown 36 to 46 Bust.
9391 Theire Semi-Fgre. 34 or 36, 38 or 40, 42 or 44 Bust.
9389 Bodice with Square Neck. 34 to 42 Bust.
9390 Barrel Skirt. 24 to 32 Waist.
9388 Bodice with Square Neck. 34 to 42 Bust.
9385 Yoke Skirt with Drapery. 24 to 32 Waist.

HOW TO GET THE FREE PATTERNS

Here is the way we will do it: To every one who will send us one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger we will send absolutely five pattern coupons. Each coupon will be good for one pattern and you can select the patterns from those illustrated in any issue of the Chicago Ledger. When you see a pattern that you like all you have to do is to send us a coupon and it will be sent to you at once. In this way you will have hundreds of patterns from which to pick the five that you will be entitled to, and you have all the time you need to pick out the ones you want.

These patterns are the best that can be made. Each pattern gives full directions for the cutting and making, with information as to the amount of cloth required, etc., so that any one can make any of the designs illustrated with no trouble at all. At the same time, they are so stylish and somewhere about that dressmakers and seamstresses all over the country will be quick to take advantage of this liberal offer. Some will subscribe for two years so they can get ten coupons. These designs are made by the best designers and models of New York and Paris, and are up-to-the-minute in fashion and beauty.

We treat old and new customers alike on this splendid offer. If you are already a subscriber send in a dollar and we will send you the five pattern coupons and extend your subscription one year from the time it now expires.

To get these five coupons enticing you to five patterns, fill out the blank below and enclose it with one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger. Do this now—today! No woman should be without the Ledger's Pattern Coupon Book. Be among the thousands of women who will get these coupons.

If you wish any pattern from those advertised in this issue, mark the number and size on the margin and we will retain a coupon for each pattern we send you when we send you the Coupon Book. (Order by size and number.) Coupons good for six months.

.....CUT THIS OUT AND SEND TO US.....

THE CHICAGO LEDGER, 800 N. Dearborn Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

Enclosed please find one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger. This entitles me to Five Pattern Coupons. Canada Subscription Price $1.50 per year.

NAME .....

Street No. or R. F. D. .....

Box..... Town .....

This is a.....Subscription. State .....
(New or Renewal)

Mr. Edison's Wonderful New Phonograph

Only $1.00 and after trial!

For years, the world's greatest inventor worked night and day to make the music of the phonograph true to life. At last he has succeeded. Now that you can get THE BEST on the wonderful offer below, you need no longer be satisfied with anything less than Mr. Edison's great instrument. Just read below how easily you may have the genuine New Edison in your home.

Yes, we will send you the New Edison, the product of the world's greatest inventor's genius, the phonograph with the wonderful diamond stylus reproducer and your choice of latest Diamond Amberol Records on *free trial without a penny down.* On this offer, you can now have the genuine Edison, the instrument which gives you real, home-like music, the finest and best of all phonographs at a small fraction of the price asked for imitations of Mr. Edison's great instrument. *Seize this opportunity!* Send coupon today—now!

Rock-Bottom Direct Offer—

If, after the free trial, you decide to keep Mr. Edison's superb new instrument, send us only $1.00. Pay the balance on easiest kind of monthly payments. Think of it! A $1.00 payment, and a few dollars a month to get this wonderful new style outfit—Mr. Edison's great phonograph with the Diamond Stylus reproducer, all the musical results of the highest price outfits—the same Diamond Amberol Records—yes, the greatest value for $1.00 down, balance on easiest monthly terms. Convince yourself—free trial first. No money down, no C. O. D., not one cent to pay unless you choose to keep the instrument. Send coupon!

COUPON

F. K. BABSON, Edison Phonograph Distributors,
9014 Edison Block, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—Please send me your New Edison Catalog and full particulars of your free trial offer on the new model Edison Phonograph.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Our NEW Edison Catalog Sent Free

Your name and address on a postal or in a letter (or just the coupon) is enough. No obligation in asking for the catalog. Get this offer—*while this offer lasts!*

F. K. BABSON, Edison Phonograph Dist's.
9014 Edison Block, Chicago, Ill.
CANADIAN OFFICE: 355 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba

A Happy Home

Happiness is life—and real happiness is found only in a real home. And by a *real home* I do not mean a house with a yard or farm around it. Oh, no! A real home is the place where the happy and united family gather together for mutual enjoyment and recreation. And the Edison makes this possible, for it stands supreme as the greatest home entertainer. It will mean more than entertainment and merriment, more than an hour of amusement, too. It will mean genuine pleasure of the costlier sort—helpful entertainment and culture of the most beneficial kind. It will mean the family united—a new home.

Entertain Your Friends

Get the New Edison in your home on free trial. Entertain your family and friends with the latest up-to-date song hits of the big cities. Laugh until your sides ache at the funniest of funny minstrel shows. Hear the grand old church hymns. Hear the crashing brass bands, the waltzes, the two-steps, the solos, the duets and quartettes. You will sit awe-striken at the wonderful grand operas as sung by the world's greatest singers. You will be moved by the tender, sweet harmony of quartettes singing those old melodies that you have heard all your life. Take your choice of any kind of entertainment. All on free trial. Then, after the trial, send the outfit back at our expense if you choose. Or keep it on our great rock-bottom offer. **Send the coupon today!**